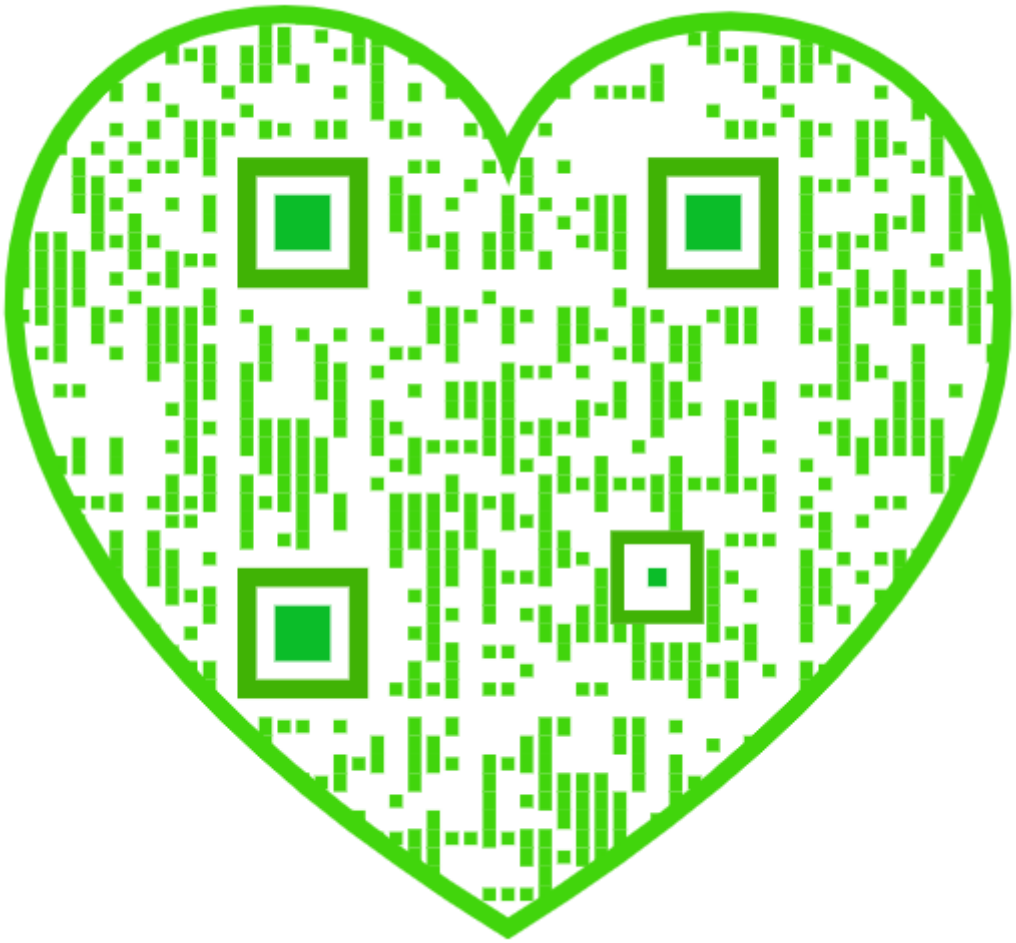

"The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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EVERYDAY CLASSICS

EIGHTH READER

The Introduction to Literature

BY

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PREFACE

BOOK EIGHT of the Everyday Classics is an introduction to literature. In carrying out this purpose it completes the aim of the series, to put before the pupil selections which are both excellent and familiar, which form a valued part of the heritage of the nation and the race. In the earlier books, however, it has often seemed advisable to direct the attention to the heroes described, the stories told, and the morals enforced, rather than to a study of literary excellence. This book, more distinctly than any of its predecessors, is devoted to the study of literature. It seeks to encourage a knowledge and appreciation of the best that has been thought and imagined.

The Seventh Book offered an account of the history and ideals of our own country as set forth by its chief authors. In the Eighth Book we go to the great masters of the world, and especially to those authors who from Shakespeare to Tennyson have been the glory of the English language. These two books thus complete the basic course in reading on the plan of the Everyday Classics, and they prepare the way for the more thorough study and appreciation of both American and English literature. They are especially adapted for use in Junior High Schools.

The **Helps to Study** and the lists **For Study with the Glossary** have been continued in the Eighth Book as in the

earlier readers, but the biographical and interpretative matter is now more extensive and is adapted to the pupils' enlarging interests. It will be noted that many approaches to literature are supplied and that neither pupils nor teachers are limited to a single cast-iron method. It will also be noted that some methods are excluded. Literary history, detailed biography, and stylistic analysis have no place in a book for boys and girls in the eighth year of school. The selections are unabridged and are often accompanied by such brief notes as would be necessary in any school edition. Every selection is studied not only by itself but as an introduction to a wider reading and study. The introductions and biographies are designed to give every possible aid to the enjoyment and appreciation of literature, and also to the coördination of these masterpieces with the experience and interests of the pupils.

The Editors are indebted for assistance on the Helps to Study and the Glossary to Miss Mary Leland Hunt and to Miss Katherine Morse, of the New York Training School for Teachers. They are also indebted to the Oxford University Press for the use of Jowett's Translation of Plato.

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EVERYDAY CLASSICS

EIGHTH BOOK

WHAT IS LITERATURE

Literature goes back to the dawn of civilization. As soon as men learned to talk and to live together in family and tribe, they began to make literature. They made songs to express their deepest feelings, as those of love, of victory, or of worship. They told of their deeds in stories. They gathered sayings of wisdom and religion and made rituals and laws which their wise men memorized. In thus expressing their own thoughts, feelings, and deeds, they were seeking to reach the sympathies and emotions of their fellows.

The songs and stories and wise sayings that were remembered soon became a common bond of union among those who knew and enjoyed them. They were handed down from one generation to another, and spread from one tribe to many. They expressed common emotions and ideas, or they told of deeds which had a common interest. Whatever most impressed men and seemed to them the truest record of their experience was most likely to be treasured. In this way literature became the expression of what was best and most worthy to survive in life.

At first all literature was spoken or sung, and preserved only in the memory. The invention of writing and later that of printing vastly increased the power of one man's imagination to reach and stir the sympathies and feelings of many. The sway of literature has gone on growing and spreading with the progress of civilization. It has reflected the changes of the centuries and the differences among nations and languages; yet it remains much the same from generation to generation and from people to people. For human nature, which literature expresses, remains much the same. You feel as do your schoolmates, and they have the same feeling about their lessons as boys and girls experienced who studied grammar and arithmetic two thousand years ago under some Greek master. The story of a brave fight waged with spear or javelin may still hearten our soldiers who strive for victory with other weapons. The songs sung by Egyptian queens or slaves to their children were not unlike those that mothers sing to-day, for the love which they all express is the same.

When literature was young, most of it was written in verse; that is, words arranged in a regular rhythm, easy to sing, recite, or remember. After a time prose seemed more suitable to the clear expression of many ideas; and with the spread of books and education the larger part of literature has come to be written in prose. In both verse and prose, certain divisions or classes were early recognized. Narrative, for example, was the name given to stories, or literature telling of action. Lyric, the name given to songs, came to be applied to all short poems ex-

pressing emotion. Drama was the name for a story to be acted and written in the form of the speeches of the actors. Epic, oration, hymn, description, history, are a few of the many other divisions. Although the likeness within each of these classes is marked, there are also innumerable differences. After all, each book or poem is the work of one person, its author; and although it be read by many, it invites fresh appreciation from each new reader.

In this book we are to study some of the great masterpieces of the literature of the past. In its opening pages, we shall look at examples of different kinds, of narrative, lyric, description, and drama, some in verse and some in prose. In studying these, we must remember that the responsive reader repeats for himself something of the experience of the author who created the poem or the story. He has stirred in us his own sympathies and fancies. We share with him the pleasure of seeing part of life's experience transformed into memorable words. This is a pleasure and it is also a part of education. For literature opens to us knowledge and experience, it gives us a chance to train mind and heart by association with the best that men have thought or imagined.

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed of the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HELPS TO STUDY

"Lochinvar" is a narrative poem. It tells of actions and has little to say of thoughts or feelings. Its purpose is to tell a story; and since the story is one of rapid action, it is told rapidly. Read the poem through to get the story and the movement of the verse. Then consider carefully these questions on the story, the structure, and the expression.

THE STORY. 1. Who is the hero of the poem? 2. Where is the scene placed? 3. Quote the description of the hero in the first stanza. 4. What do you learn about his horse? his arms? 5. Where was he going? 6. What happened there before he arrived? 7. What do you think of the bridegroom? 8. What demand was made of Lochinvar by the bride's father? 9. What was Lochinvar's reply? 10. With whom did he dance? 11. What did the bridemaidens say? 12. Describe the flight of Lochinvar and Ellen.

STRUCTURE. The order of events in the poem is that in which they happened: (1) Lochinvar's ride to Netherby alone; (2) What took place there; (3) His ride back with Ellen. You should note, however, that each stanza has a special part of the story to tell. Stanza 1 is introductory. It describes Lochinvar, and it gives information about him that is very important for the reader of the story, — he is faithful in love, dauntless in war, he rides alone, and his steed is the best. This stanza also locates the scene, on the border between England and Scotland. Trace the story stanza by stanza, noting that each has a theme. 2, The Ride to the Hall; 3, The Arrival; 4, Lochinvar's Request; 5, The Cup of Wine; 6, The Dance; 7, The Flight; 8, Conclusion.

EXPRESSION. Scott has imitated the method of the old Ballads. Note, for example, that the poem begins abruptly, and that the actual speeches of the persons are often given. What persons speak in the

poem? In the first and last stanzas do you notice the galloping movement of the verse? Although the language is simple, there are some unusual words; find the words in the poem for which the following are synonyms: horse, fearless, thicket, loiterer, coward, wedding, drunk, swift. Which are more suitable for the poem?

Proper Names. Lochinvar (lok-in-vär'). The Eske (ĕsk) flows into the Solway, an arm of the Irish Sea between Scotland and England, noted for its rapid tides. The Græmes (grāms) and the other families mentioned in the last stanza are well known on the Scotch border.

For Study with the Glossary. You should look up all words that you do not understand, in the GLOSSARY at the end of this book or in a Dictionary. A table of the marks of pronunciation is given with the GLOSSARY. For this selection, look up: galliard, croupe, scaur, lee, — and any other words that you do not know.

OTHER NARRATIVE POEMS. For old ballads, see "Robin Hood Rescues the Widow's Three Sons," in the FIFTH READER, and "Sir Patrick Spens," in this book. Other short narrative poems are: "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Arnold of Winkelried," "Hohenlinden," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Bells of Atri," "Paul Revere's Ride" (All in the FIFTH READER), "The Destruction of Sennacherib" (SIXTH READER), "The Skeleton in Armor" and "Maud Muller" (SEVENTH BOOK). Can you tell the stories of any of these poems? Do you remember the names of their authors? What poems that you know tell of rides? What poems move rapidly like "Lochinvar"?

SIR WALTER SCOTT. An account of his life with a portrait is given in the FIFTH READER, pages 61–65. What do you remember about his life? How long ago did he live? What other poems of his have you read? Selections from his novel *Ivanhoe* are to be found later in this book.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

A lyric poem is one which expresses emotion. The name is derived from the lyre, the musical instrument to which the poems were once sung. In early times all lyric poems were sung, but now the term is used for many poems where the emotion does not lend itself to music. "Ring Out, Wild Bells," however, is a song and the lines almost sing themselves. Since the emotion expressed in a lyric is usually personal, the term lyric is sometimes extended to all poems expressing personal emotion. Here Tennyson is telling his own feelings and desires on New Year's Eve.

In a narrative poem the structure is usually determined by the order of the actions in time. In a lyric, the structure depends rather on the importance of the feelings. Here what may be called the scheme is very simple. 1. Ring out the old. 2. Ring in the new. Note that the first stanza is introductory, giving us the scene, that in each following stanza there is the contrast between what is ringing out, and what ringing in. In expression, the lyrical poem responds to the feelings. Here the bells ring through the verse, falling with the old, rising with the new, until the final triumphant peal of the last stanza.

1. What is the time of year? 2. Who are addressed by the poet? 3. What figure is used when the year is said to be dying? 4. What is meant by "frosty light"? by "fuller minstrel"? 5. What things are to be rung out? 6. What are rung in? 7. How does Tennyson feel about the New Year?

For Study with the Glossary: Saps, feud, redress, civic slander.

OTHER LYRICAL POEMS. FIFTH READER: "Hunting Song," "How Sleep the Brave," "Bugle Song." SIXTH READER: "Recessional," "The Cloud." SEVENTH BOOK: "For A' That and A' That," "O Captain, My Captain," "The Corn Song," "The American Flag." What other poems have you read about bells?

An account of Tennyson's life with a portrait is to be found in the SIXTH READER. What other poems of his do you know? What lyrics? what narratives? The poem which follows is not a lyric but is one of the shortest and one of the best known of Tennyson's poems.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUNRISE

Come, see what a charming day the landscape painter has! He rises early, at three o'clock in the morning, before the sun. He goes off to sit at the foot of a tree; he looks; he waits. At first he sees nothing in particular. Nature is like a white canvas with vague masses outlined upon it. Everything is hazy; everything trembles in the little fresh breeze of dawn.

Bing! the sky brightens . . . The sun has not yet torn away the mist which hides the fields, the valley, the hills on the horizon. . . . The silvery night mists still climb above the cool green grasses. Bing! . . . bing! . . . A first ray of the sun . . . a second ray of the sun. The little flowers seem to wake up, joyous. . . . Each has a quivering dew-drop of its own. The leaves stir in the chill breath of the morning. . . . Beneath the foliage, birds are singing, invisible; it seems as if their songs were the prayer of the flowers. Cupids with butterfly wings seem to be flying over the fields, and the tall grasses bend in waves beneath them. . . . The painter can see nothing; everything is there. All the landscape is behind the thin veil of mist, which rises . . . rises . . . rises, inhaled by the sun, and, still rising, reveals the silver blade of the river, the meadows, the trees, the cottages, the flying distance. The painter sees all the landscape that at first he could only divine.

Bam! the sun has risen . . . bam! the peasant at the end of the field with his cart drawn by two oxen! . . . Ding, ding! the bell of the old sheep that leads his flock! . . . Bam! Everything glows; everything burns; everything is bathed in a full light, a light still pale and caressing. The background, simple and harmonious, loses itself in the infinite sky, beyond the dense blue air . . . the flowers lift their heads . . . the birds fly here and there. A country-man on a white horse rides into a sunken road, out of sight. The little rounded willows seem to strut about on the banks of the river.

It is adorable! and he paints . . . and he paints. And O the beautiful chestnut cow up to its body in the wet grasses! He must paint that . . . Crac! there it is!

Attributed to COROT.

HELPS TO STUDY

Corot was a famous French landscape artist, who loved to paint trees, water, and animals seen in the silvery light of early morning. This selection shows how he looked at outdoor things. It is a description, or a picture made with words instead of the paint brush. These two kinds of pictures are not just the same. In a painting we actually see the shape and the size and the color; in a description we are only told about them, and we see them only with our mind's eye, or imagination. In the second place, when we look at a picture we see everything at once, all the objects, whether they are far away, in the background, or in front of the picture, in the foreground. In reading a description, our mind's eye can see only a part at a time. Then, of course, a painting shows a much larger number of things than a description. Both paintings and descriptions are different from photographs. A photographer has to take a picture of everything in front of his camera, ugly details as well

as beautiful. But the artist and the writer can leave out what is ugly or disgusting. They can also make us see just what they want us to see. An artist, for example, can make a background simple by painting only a few objects, and harmonious by selecting objects that go well together. Or, if he loves the morning mist, he can paint it in such a way as to make us love it too. Although pictures show us people and landscape more vividly than description, there are a few things that description can do better. It can show us a succession of pictures, as in this selection, and it can tell us about sounds and odors and motion, which a picture can only hint at.

In this description, *bing*, *bam*, and *crac* are words used to show that a change has taken place in the appearance of the landscape, and a little row of dots to show that a change is still going on.

1. How does the landscape painter begin his morning? 2. Why is it natural for him to think that the white mist is like a canvas? 3. What is meant by nature? 4. Draw "vague masses" upon a bit of white paper.

5. What does the painter see when the sky brightens? What does he not yet see? 6. When the first rays of the sun shine out, what does he see and hear? 7. What makes him imagine that he sees the wings of cupids? 8. As the mist slowly rises, what becomes visible? 9. Why does the distance fly, or go back?

10. When the sun has fully risen, what does the painter see in the foreground? 11. What is the foreground? 12. Why is the light still pale? Why is it said to be "caressing"? 13. What is meant by the background losing itself in the sky? 14. What is there in this picture to show that the landscape is not American?

For Study with the Glossary: Cupids, inhaled, divine, infinite, dense.

THE RIVER RHONE

For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its ethereal self is everywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue to the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water, neither, — melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea, are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise-blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow.

The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every little corner. Great torrents always seem

angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been mill streams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two; — and in the midst of all the gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire.

JOHN RUSKIN: *Præterita.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This description of the Rhone River was written by John Ruskin, a famous Englishman who wrote books on many subjects, and it is found in *Præterita*, a delightful account of his early life. He is watching the river from one of the banks in the old city of Geneva. He loved both the city and the Alps that look down upon the city; but in this picture

he does not want us to see anything but the beautiful river itself. Read the whole selection before you try to answer the questions and look at a map to see what is meant by the "lake-sleep" of the river and why Geneva is said to be safe in its "embracing sweep." In the first three paragraphs, we see the river as a whole; in the fourth, we see pieces and strips of it.

1. Is this picture more like a drawing or a painting? Why? 2. What are some of the blue objects with which Ruskin compares the Rhone? 3. Which of these objects have you seen? 4. Which would be very hard to find? 5. Which comparisons seem to you the most beautiful? 5. Why is the Rhone like "one jewel"? 7. How does Ruskin hint, in all the paragraphs but the first, that the Rhone has come down from among the mountains? 8. How is the "one mighty wave" of it different from the waves of the sea? 9. What joys can the river give both day and night? 10. In the fourth paragraph we have a picture of some pieces and strips and currents of the river. Describe those which you remember. 11. In what ways is the river like a living being? like a delightful person?

OTHER DESCRIPTIONS. We rarely find a long poem or prose work which is wholly descriptive. Usually passages of pure description will be found with narrative. What examples of brief description can you recall in the SIXTH or SEVENTH READER?

For Study with the Glossary: Lambent, iridescent, ethereal, translucent, fluted swirl, recoil, aquamarine, ultramarine, gentian, river-of-Paradise, chamois, overlaid ripples, turquoise enamel, eddied, petrels, decrepit, sapphire.

By the **witch of the Alps** is meant the spirit that guards the snow-clad mountains. **Perdita** (pĕr'dĭ-ta) is the heroine of Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
  Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
  More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
    Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
  Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
    And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
  As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem is a *reflective* poem. It is also a lyric because it tells of personal emotion, and it may also be called descriptive since it pictures a scene and describes a song. It is *reflective* because it presents the emotions aroused by the scene as they have passed through the author's reflection. The first stanza gives the scene, the girl reaping and singing. The second stanza tells of the effect of the song on the poet. The third stanza tells of the poet's reflection on the song. The fourth stanza tells of the lasting effect of the song on the poet.

1. Where is the scene? 2. Who is the only person seen? 3. What kind of song is she singing? 4. With what is her song compared in the second stanza? 5. What likeness is there between her song and the nightingale's in respect to (1) the lonesome scene, and (2) the cheer of the music for human beings? 6. How are these points of likeness emphasized again in the comparison with the cuckoo? 7. In the third stanza what does the poet think may have been the subject of the song? 8. In the first stanza we are told that she sings a "melancholy strain"; select all the words in the poem which confirm or enlarge this idea. 9. What do you think is the most beautiful passage in the poem? 10. What pictures remain in your thought after you have read the poem?

Hebrides (hĕb'rĭ dēz).

An account of Wordsworth's life and poetry is given on page 250.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

In the White Mountains in New Hampshire there is a cliff which at a distance closely resembles a human face, and is known as the Profile of the Old Man of the Mountain. About this fact Hawthorne's fancy has woven the following story. It is not a tale of adventure but a story which illustrates a moral truth and offers an answer to the question, what is true nobility of character?

I

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain, by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood

or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest. "Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, they believed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!" His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the hopes of her little boy. She only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. For the secret was that the boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone.

II

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold.

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his

father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzling white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were each composed of but one enormous pane of glass. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew,

boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled on-

ward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

III

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit. They

knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul, — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy, — he beheld the marvelous features beaming down the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that

famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. The man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now weary of a military life and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, and all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of green boughs and laurel surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had gathered about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of

the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting the thin vapors that had swept between him and the object that he had gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him — "fear not, Ernest."

IV

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from

his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that molded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearer had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. In good truth,

he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, — when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with such enthusiasm that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great

man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

V

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty

as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the

Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths

so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes.

For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

VI

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there

appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling over them. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted: —

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice Told Tales.*

HELPS TO STUDY

A short story may be very brief but it must be complete. We may analyze it by asking the questions Who? What? Where? Why? Who are the persons of the story? What are the events or deeds that it tells? Where does it take place? Why was it written, with what purpose? Some short stories put the emphasis mostly on the *Who;* they present persons and interpret characters. Other short stories tell us chiefly of actions; they emphasize mainly the *What.* Others describe some place or scene, and these answer chiefly the question *Where?* Still others are written to illustrate a moral lesson, they impress us most with their *Why.*

Now any short story must answer all four questions, for it must have persons, plot, place, and purpose. But a short story must be both brief and complete, therefore it will usually give clear prominence to one element, its answer to either Who? What? Where? or Why? In this story by Hawthorne, the persons, plot, and place are all important, but the chief value of the story lies in its moral lesson or purpose.

I. 1. What picture do you get in the first paragraph? 2. What was the Great Stone Face? 3. Who carved it? 4. Why was it a happy lot for children to grow up in the presence of the Great Stone Face? 5. Who was Ernest? 6. What story did his mother tell him?

7. Describe his childhood. 8. Who was his teacher? 9. What did he learn from that teacher? 10. How did the teacher look upon Ernest? 11. What synonyms are used for the word *face*? 12. Select all the words which suggest nobility of character.

II. 1. What great man now appears in the story? 2. Why was he called Gathergold? 3. Who was Midas? 4. Describe Gathergold's palace. 5. What did Ernest hope from Gathergold? 6. Describe Gathergold's face. 7. What action showed his character? 8. How was Ernest cheered in his disappointment? 9. Select all the expressions used by Hawthorne to describe Gathergold's wealth.

III. 1. How old is Ernest now? 2. What do the people of the valley think of him? 3. What has become of Mr. Gathergold? of his palace? 4. What new person is introduced? 5. Describe the reception to the General. 6. What humor do you find in Hawthorne's description? 7. In what way did Old Blood-and-Thunder fail to meet Ernest's hopes? 8. Which was the greater man, Gathergold or the General? Why? 9. How was Ernest again cheered in his disappointment? 10. Select all the words and phrases used as synonyms for the Great Stone Face. 11. Explain the exact meanings of the following words applied to the General: *commander, veteran, warrior, general.*

IV. 1. Describe Ernest in middle age. 2. What beautiful figure is used to describe his life? 3. Trace the development of his character from childhood to middle age. 4. What new candidate appears to test himself by comparison with the Great Stone Face? 5. Compare him with the earlier candidates. 6. What brings him back to the valley? 7. Do you think he really had "no other object than to shake hands with his fellow citizens"? 8. Describe his arrival. 9. What resemblances does Ernest at first see between the Statesman and the Great Face? 10. What is lacking in Old Stony Phiz? 11. Why is Ernest's disappointment greater than before? 12. How is he again comforted?

V. 1. How is Ernest described in old age? 2. How has he advanced toward true greatness? 3. Is there any suggestion in the first

paragraph as to who the man of the prophecy is? 4. What other native of the valley is now introduced? 5. With what beautiful words does Hawthorne describe the poet and his poetry? 6. What did Ernest think of the poet? 7. What did the poet think of Ernest? 8. Select one sentence which explains how the poet has failed.

VI. 1. What scene is described in the first paragraph? 2. What words suggest color? 3. Find synonyms for *nook*, *stern*, *tapestry*, *festoons*, *rugged*. 4. Is Hawthorne's word or your synonym better in its place? Why? 5. Who was first to recognize Ernest's likeness to the Great Stone Face? 6. What words does Hawthorne use to describe the poet's power of recognizing truth? 7. Who of all the characters, excepting Ernest, came nearest to fulfilling the prophecy? 8. How does Ernest receive the people's acclamation that he fulfilled the prophecy?

Review Questions. Read the whole story through rapidly. Notice that the story falls into six parts. — 1. The Prophecy and Ernest's childhood; 2. Mr. Gathergold, or Ernest's boyhood; 3. Blood-and-Thunder, or Ernest's young manhood; 4. Stony Phiz, or Ernest's middle age; 5. The Poet, or Ernest's old age; 6. The fulfillment of the Prophecy.

1. Who are the persons of the story? Who is the chief person? 2. What happens in each of the six parts of the story? 3. Where is the story placed? 4. Describe the valley, the mountains, the Great Stone Face. 5. What different kinds of greatness are represented by the persons of the story? 6. In what order are these presented? 7. In what way was Ernest great? 8. How did he become so? 9. How did the Great Face aid him? 10. Why was the story written? 11. Does it show the road to true greatness? 12. In the following men who lived in Hawthorne's time, can you see any possible resemblances to the persons of the story: General Winfield Scott, Daniel Webster, Edgar Allan Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson. 13. Can you name any person in real life who has become great by striving to live up to an ideal?

For Study with the Glossary: I. majestic, Titan, prophecy, veneration.

II. In the old fable King Midas turned all he touched into gold. The tale is told in Hawthorne's *The Golden Touch.* portico, variegated, harbingers, beneficence, benignant, benign.

III. meditate, sentiment, counterpart (person or thing that closely resembles another), cloud vesture (cloud garments), sylvan, vista, illustrious, verdant, veteran.

IV. tranquilly, imbibed, involuntarily, phiz (an abbreviation of "physiognomy," face), cavalcade, buoyantly (buoyant means able to float; note the figurative use), barouche.

V. obscure, romantic.

VI. assemblage, tapestry, festoons, verdure, hoary.

You should be familiar already with many of the short stories of Hawthorne: "Little Daffydowndilly" is in the FOURTH READER of the EVERYDAY CLASSICS. "The Pine Tree Shillings" and "Sunken Treasure" are in the FIFTH READER, "Hercules and the Golden Apples" is in the SIXTH, and "The Gray Champion" in the SEVENTH READER. Hawthorne often builds up a story about a symbol, as when he takes the Great Stone Face as a symbol of the ideal of greatness. A symbol is some physical object used as a sign or representation of a moral quality. You will find it interesting to compare this story with Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" (FIFTH READER), where there is a similar test of moral virtue. The "Story of the Caskets" (SIXTH READER) from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice,* gives in dramatic form the tale of another test of moral quality, there by means of the choice of the caskets instead of by resemblance to the Great Face.

In Hawthorne's longer stories or novels, the *House of the Seven Gables,* and *The Scarlet Letter,* he also employs symbols to typify moral truths. An account of his life and a portrait are given on pages 75 and 76 of the FIFTH READER.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Act First. Scene I

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand! Who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night. *Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Enter the Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on

When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet —
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him —
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other —
As it doth well appear unto our state —
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so.
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the King
That was and is the question of these wards.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me;
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me;
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it; stay, and speak! (*Cock crows.*) Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! *Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HELPS TO STUDY

A drama tells of action by means of the words of the actors themselves. It is written to be presented in the theater where the actors mimic the words and deeds of real life. When we read a drama, we imagine the setting that would be provided by scenery on the stage, and the persons, voices, and gestures of the actors. Notice that in addition to the speeches there are "stage directions" usually printed in italics. These explain where the place is, who enters, and who leaves (exit) the stage. A drama calls for more imagination in reading than a narrative but it presents life more vividly and directly.

The selection is the first scene of the greatest of all plays, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. It tells of the appearance of the ghost of Hamlet's murdered father to some soldiers on the watch.

1. When does this scene take place? 2. Who are the speakers? 3. What are they doing? 4. What hour is it? 5. What words tell us of the weather? of the stillness? 6. What is the first reference to the ghost? 7. Who have seen the ghost before? 8. Who doubts its existence? 9. How does the ghost impress the watchers? 10. With what words does Horatio address it? 11. Of what do the soldiers converse after the ghost has vanished? 12. Who is young Fortinbras? 13. What danger to the kingdom? 14. How does Horatio address the ghost on its second appearance? 15. When does the ghost disappear?

16. Is this selection in prose or verse? 17. Is it in rhyming verse? 18. What is blank verse? 19. How many feet are there in a blank verse line? 20. Notice line 10, page 55. How is it printed? 21. Notice line 3, page 56. How is it printed? How many feet has it? 22. Who was Shakespeare? 23. When did he live? 24. What have you read by Shakespeare? 25. What is a tragedy? a comedy?

Phrases: Shakespeare uses words with great skill and originality. Some of his words are not now in use and others have changed their meanings since his day. The **Notes** below explain such difficulties. You should, however, notice for yourself how vivid and imaginative are many of the expressions which offer no difficulties. Explain or find synonyms for

the following phrases, and note the vividness of Shakespeare's words: **Page 55**, l. 2, unfold yourself; **P. 56**, l. 12, watch the minutes; l. 16, assail your ears; **P. 58**, l. 15, sore task; l. 17, sweaty haste; l. 23, thereto prick'd on; **P. 59**, l. 24, what passage in the Bible is referred to? (Matthew vii. 3); l. 28, squeak and gibber; **P. 61**, l. 17, in russet mantle clad.

Notes on Words and Phrases. Page 55, l. 3, the countersign; l. 15, **the Dane**, the King of Denmark; **P. 57**, l. 8, **spoke to**, it was believed that ghosts could not speak unless spoken to; l. 14, **approve our eyes**, admit that our eyes saw correctly; l. 20, **sensible**, perceived by the senses; **avouch**, proof; **P. 58**, l. 2, **parle**, parley, meeting; l. 3, **sledded Polacks**, Poles who used sleds; l. 5, **jump**, just; l. 8, **gross and scope**, *i.e.* speaking generally; l. 12, **toils the subject**, makes the subjects toil; l. 14, **mart**, market, trade; **P. 59**, l. 3, **gaged**, pledged; l. 6, And carrying out of the agreement planned; l. 8, **unimproved mettle**, untried temper; l. 10, Picked up a lot of homeless and resolute fellows; l. 15, **compulsative**, compulsory; l. 19, **post-haste and romage**, great haste and hustle; l. 21, **sort**, accord; **P. 60**, ll. 11, 12, If you have hoarded stolen gold buried in the ground; l. 15, **partisan**, battle-axe; **P. 61**, l. 5, **extravagant**, wandering outside its confines; **erring**, wandering; l. 7, **probation**, proof; l. 13, **strike**, injure; l. 14, **takes**, bewitches.

For Study with the Glossary: liegemen, fantasy, apparition, assail, harrows, usurp'st, bodes, impress, emulate, heraldry, moiety, portentous, wards, illusion.

Review Questions. 1. What is a drama? 2. How does a drama differ from other narratives? 3. Name some dramas that you have read or have seen acted. 4. What prose narrative have you read in this book? 5. What narrative poem? 6. What is a lyric poem? 7. Give examples. 8. What is the difference between a description and a narrative. 9. Tell what you can about these other forms of literature: the novel, the history, the biography. 10. What authors have you read thus far in this book?

LITERATURE, A WINDOW INTO THE PAST

Literature is very much alive to-day. Thousands of books are setting forth the ideas and scenes of the present time; and many are employing the same forms that you have studied, as narrative, lyric, description, and drama. But literature is also very old, going back to the earliest days of mankind on this earth. It is a record of human nature through many centuries and in many countries. Its great books have become the heritage of the race. Each boy or girl to-day through literature may come into possession of the best that has been thought and written by the great minds of all ages.

Literature puts before us the whole panorama of civilization and shows its progress from the nations of antiquity, the Hebrews of Palestine, the Greeks who spread trade and culture over the eastern world, and the Romans who for centuries ruled the Mediterranean, onward through the Middle Ages to the growth of the great modern nations of to-day. Of the peoples of antiquity, the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans had noble literatures, and through these writings they play great parts in the life and thought of the present. The Middle Ages too had a great literature which is the direct inheritance of all the nations of Western Europe.

In the preceding selections we have had examples of various forms of literature and have seen in what different ways, in prose or verse, in narrative, in lyric, descrip-

tion, or drama, the imagination of the individual writer may express itself. In the selections which follow, literature will unlock the doors of the past and reveal to us the lives and hopes of the days of long ago. There are two ways by which we may live again in the past through literature. In the first place, we may read the books which were written then, and in the second place, we may read the books in which later writers have described the past times.

Our selections will consist in part of the masterpieces of the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, and the medieval literatures, and in part of the masterpieces which modern writers have written concerning those periods of history. We shall look at the Greeks, for example, through the writings of their greatest poet, Homer, and also through what Tennyson has written about Homer's hero, Ulysses. We shall see the Age of Chivalry in the poem which the Norman invaders of England sang at the battle of Hastings, and also in the great novel in which Sir Walter Scott made the Middle Ages live afresh for modern readers.

We shall be interested in seeing how different were the manners and customs of those past times from ours to-day; and we shall also be interested in seeing how much the men and women of those times were like ourselves. We shall find in these selections many examples and lessons which are as good now as ever. We shall know more about ourselves and our times through our acquaintance with the best of the past.

PSALM XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then

shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

From the *Bible.*

HELPS TO STUDY

The Nineteenth Psalm is a hymn of praise and a prayer for guidance. The Hebrew poem is translated into English prose, which is here divided into paragraphs instead of verses as in the King James translation. Note that the first three paragraphs tell of the works of the Lord, the fourth paragraph of his laws, and that the last two paragraphs are a prayer that the Lord will guide his servant.

1. Who are represented as praising God? 2. How do the heavens speak? 3. In the third paragraph to whom is the sun compared? 4. In the fourth paragraph, what sentences are parallel in structure and thought? 5. What words are used as synonyms for law? 6. In the fifth paragraph what two kinds of errors are mentioned? 7. Are the meditations of the heart "secret faults" or "presumptuous sins"? 8. What expressions in the psalm do you remember after a first reading?

For Study with the Glossary: firmament, tabernacle, presumptuous, transgression.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The Spacious Firmament on high
With all the blue Ethereal Sky,
And Spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,

And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the list'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What tho' no real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

HELPS TO STUDY

Addison's hymn was suggested by the opening verses of the Nineteenth Psalm and should be read and remembered with it. Compare the first stanza with the first three paragraphs of the psalm. What similar expressions do you find? What words in the second paragraph of the psalm may have suggested the second stanza of the hymn? In the HELPS TO STUDY for the psalm, the question was asked, "How do the heavens speak?" How is that question answered by the third stanza of the hymn? What is "the dark terrestrial Ball"?

THE BOOK OF RUTH

I

Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man in Beth-lehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons.

And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion, Ephrathites of Beth-lehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left, and her two sons.

And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth; and they dwelled there about ten years.

And Mahlon and Chilion died also, both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

Then she arose, with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab; for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread.

Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, "Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

"The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

And they said unto her, "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people."

And Naomi said, "Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? Turn again, go your way."

And they lifted up their voice, and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, "Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law."

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

So they two went until they came unto Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, "Is this Naomi?"

And she said unto them, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath

testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

II

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz.

And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace." And she said unto her, "Go, my daughter."

And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you." And they answered him, "The Lord bless thee."

Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, "Whose damsel is this?"

And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, "It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab:

"And she said, 'I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.' So she came, and

hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house."

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens:

"Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them; have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

And Boaz answered and said unto her, "It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Then she said, "Let me find favor in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thy handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thine handmaidens."

And Boaz said unto her, "At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel into the vinegar." And she sat beside the reapers: and he reached

her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.

And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not:

"And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not."

So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley.

And she took it up, and went into the city, and her mother-in-law saw what she had gleaned; and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had received after she was sufficed.

And her mother-in-law said to her, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee." And she shewed her mother-in-law with whom she had wrought, and she said, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz."

And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead." And Naomi said unto her, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen."

And Ruth the Moabitess said, "He said unto me also, thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest."

And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter-in-law, "It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field."

So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest, and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother-in-law.

III

Then Naomi her mother-in-law said unto her, "My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee?

"And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold he winnoweth barley to-night in the threshing floor.

"Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor: but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking.

"And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do."

And she said unto her, "All that thou sayest unto me I will do."

And she went down unto the floor, and did according to all that her mother-in-law had bade her.

And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn; and she came softly and uncovered his feet, and laid her down.

And it came to pass that at midnight that the man was afraid, and turned himself; and, behold, a woman lay at his feet.

And he said, "Who art thou?" And she answered, "I am Ruth thy handmaid: spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman."

And he said, "My daughter, fear not, I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman.

"And now it is true that I am thy near kinsman: how be it there is a kinsman nearer than I.

"Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning but if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman's part: but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as the Lord liveth. Lie down until the morning."

And she lay at his feet until the morning: and she rose up before one could know another.

And he said, "Bring the vail that thou hast upon thee, and hold it." And when she held it, he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her: and she went into the city.

And when she came to her mother-in-law, she said, "Who art thou, my daughter?" And she told her all that the man had done.

And she said, "These six measures of barley gave he to me; for he said to me, Go not empty unto thy mother-in-law."

Then said she, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day."

IV

Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, "Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here." And he turned aside, and sat down.

And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, "Sit ye down here." And they sat down.

And he said unto the kinsman, "Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's:

"And I thought to advertise thee, saying, 'Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it; but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know: for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and I am after thee.'" And he said, "I will redeem it."

Then said Boaz, "What day thou buyest the field of the land of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance."

And the kinsman said, "I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance; redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem it."

Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; A man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel.

Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, "Buy it for thee." So he drew off his shoe.

And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, "Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi.

"Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye are witnesses this day."

And all the people said, "We are witnesses. The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem."

So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife, and she bare him a son.

And the women said unto Naomi, "Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

"And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter-in-law, which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him."

And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.

And the women her neighbors gave it a name, saying, "There is a son born to Naomi; and they called his name Obed: he is the father of Jesse, the father of David."

From the *Bible*.

HELPS TO STUDY

The *Book of Ruth* in the Old Testament is a beautiful example of the form of literature called the prose idyl. An idyl is a story of simple country life, and *Ruth* tells of the life of the country folk in the harvest field and of the love which overcomes national hostilities. We have glimpses of the life of the Hebrews as intimate and homelike as those of the early Greeks in the story of Nausicaa. *Ruth* has won the hearts of readers for twenty-five centuries because it tells a story always as true to life as to the time which it describes.

CHAPTER I. 1. Where is Bethlehem? 2. Who went from Judah to Moab? 3. What happened to the family in Moab? 4. Moab often appears in the Bible as the enemy of Judah; is there any of this hostility in this story? 5. Why did Naomi return to Judah? 6. What signs of affection do you find between Naomi and her two daughters-in-law? 7. What two verses express Ruth's love for Naomi? 8. Naomi means *pleasant*, Mara *bitter;* explain Naomi's words at end of page 70.

CHAPTER II. 1. Who was Boaz? 2. What qualities does he show on his first appearance in the story? 3. What do you find attractive in the harvesting scene? 4. Can you see any reasons why this scene has appealed to poets and painters? 5. What beautiful figure does Boaz use in speaking to Ruth?

CHAPTER III. 1. What counsel does Naomi give to Ruth? 2. Ruth went to the winnowing floor dressed as a bride; what did she do there? 3. To spread the skirt over a woman as Ruth asks was a token of marriage. For what reason does she ask marriage of Boaz? 4. What was Boaz's reply? 5. What signs have you found so far in the story of the strength of family ties among the Hebrews? 6. How did Boaz's reception of Ruth show that she was accepted in the family?

CHAPTER IV. This chapter illustrates curious customs of the transference of property. The nearest kinsman of Naomi might buy back the land that had descended to Naomi, and at the same time marry the widow of the last male owner of the land by inheritance. 1. What does

Boaz propose to the nearest kinsman? 2. Was he willing to redeem the land? 3. Was he willing to marry Ruth? In this case the land would have gone to Ruth's children. 4. For what was the shoe used? The shoe among the Hebrews was the sign of possession. 5. How was Naomi blessed? 6. What great king was the great-grandson of Ruth?

Proper Names: Bethlehem (bĕth'le-hem), Moab (mō'ab), Elimelech (ē-lĭm'ē-lek), Naomi (nā-ō'mī), Mahlon (mä'lon), Chilion (chil'i-on), Ephrathites (ef-rā-thī'tēz), Boaz (bō'az), Ephratah (ē-frā'tä), Jesse (jĕs'se).

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

JOHN KEATS: *Ode to a Nightingale.*

HOMER

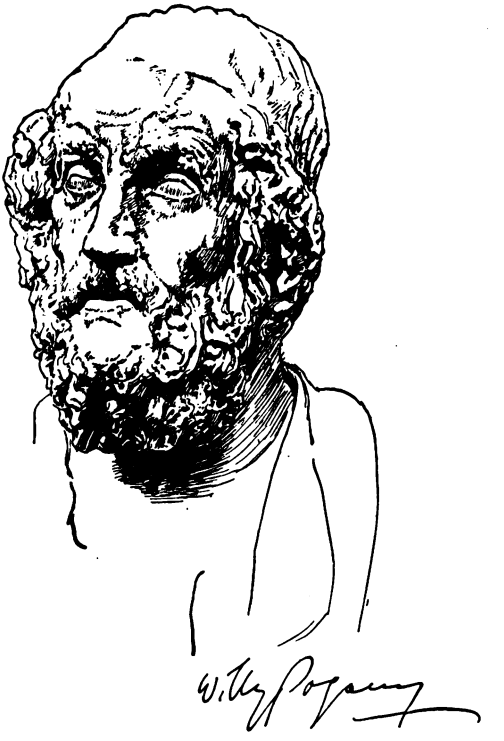
Twenty-five hundred years or more ago, the people of a little city somewhere on the shore of the Ægean Sea were gathered in festal array to celebrate the gods of their native land. Their place of meeting was in the open air and the sun shone full on rocky cliffs and the blue water of the bay and on the glistening marble of temple and palace. The king and queen sat on thrones before the portico of

the temple surrounded by the elders and priests. The crowd below was clothed in gay colors, and some of the youths wore the laurel wreaths which they had won in the games and races of the morning. Now in the quiet of the afternoon all were waiting eagerly to hear a poet tell the stories of the great deeds of their ancestors. Famous as this Greek town may have been for its wise ruler and brave warriors and for its fine weaving and building and its stanch ships, it was prouder still of its poet. For years he had been gathering old songs and stories and making them over into a poem which now on this festal day he was to recite to king and people.

A man full of years, grave and noble in bearing, has come forth from the temple, bearing a lyre in his hand. He kneels before the king, then rises and touches the strings of his lyre.

Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son.

In the full voice of his chant the words rise over the marketplace; and a deeper silence falls over the expectant people as the great story sweeps forth in the beautiful verses. Races, festival, city, their very homes and hearths are forgotten as they journey with the poet across the shining sea to fight with mighty Achilles on the wind-swept plains of many towered Troy. Launched forth on the surge of the ringing verses, they see the present receding dim behind them and the deeds and loves and glories of the past grow bright and living. For the first time men were voyaging under the magic spell of Homer's *Iliad*.



HOMER

Who Homer was, when and where he lived, we do not know. He belongs to a time before history has records. He sang for a people whose life was very simple, not only without all the comforts and conveniences of modern times but with few tools, few writings, and with little knowledge of the world beyond the city walls. We do not even know whether Homer could write or whether he merely memorized the verses that he chanted. What we do know is that out of that remote time came two great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, so noble in their plan, so beautiful in their verse that they must have been composed by a man of the greatest poetic genius. The Greeks called him Homer; and as they grew in knowledge and prosperity, they treasured his poems from generation to generation and passed them down for the delight of many peoples of strange lands and distant centuries.

The *Iliad* tells of Achilles, the bravest of the Greeks, who besieged the city of Troy and of Hector, the bravest of its defenders, who fell at last by the hand of his heroic foe. The *Odyssey* tells of Odysseus (or Ulysses), one of the Greek chieftains at Troy, who after its destruction wandered for many years and met many adventures before he finally reached his home and his faithful wife Penelope. Such tales of heroes, called epic poems, are to be found in almost every language. In all cities, for many races in the dawn of civilization, minstrels have sung stories of the great deeds of a still earlier day. Most of those songs have been lost; some have been preserved and, like the Homeric poems, have been cherished by great peoples. But none have been

so much loved as these two epics that tell of that ancient war between the Greeks and Trojans.

They were first recited on some such occasion as we have imagined and since then they have never been forgotten. They tell of a past so distant that it is scarcely known except through their verses, of gods who have long since ceased to be worshiped, and are written in a language lost to the speech of men. Yet they are as fresh and alive to-day as when they were first chanted to the youths and maidens of that forgotten Grecian city. Listen to what Andrew Lang says of the Homer of to-day.

"Homer is a poet for all ages, all races, and all moods. To the Greeks the epics were not only the best of romances, the richest of poetry; not only their oldest documents about their own history, — they were also their Bible, their treasury of religious traditions and moral teaching. With the Bible and Shakespeare, the Homeric poems are the best training for life. There is no good quality that they lack; manliness, courage, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth; justice, piety, pity, a brave attitude toward life and death, are all conspicuous in Homer. He has to write of battles; and he delights in the joy of battle, and in all the movement of war. Yet he delights not less, but more, in peace; in prosperous cities, hearths secure, in the tender beauty of children, in the love of wedded wives, in the frank nobility of maidens, in the beauty of earth and sky and sea, and seaward murmuring river, in sun and snow, frost and mist and rain, in the whispered talk of boy and girl beneath oak and pine tree."

NAUSICAA

Odysseus after the fall of Troy had set sail for his home in Ithaca, but owing to the hostility of the gods suffered all sorts of perils. Athene, however, befriended him; and at last he was cast ashore on Phæacia. Then he crept along up a river and went to sleep covered by dry leaves.

So there he lay asleep, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, fordone with toil and drowsiness. Meanwhile Athene went to the land and the city of the Phæacians, to the house of King Alcinous. She betook her to the rich-wrought bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept towards the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In her shape the gray-eyed Athene spake to the princess, saying:

"Nausicaa, how hath thy mother so heedless a maiden to her daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage-day is near at hand, when thou thyself must needs go beautifully clad, and have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are the things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a

father and lady mother take delight. But come, let us arise and go a-washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with thee to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already they are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phæacians, among that people whence thou thyself dost draw thy lineage. So come, beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee with mules and a wain to carry the men's raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Yea and for thyself it is seemlier far to go thus than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way off the town."

So spake the gray-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus, where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast for ever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.

Anon came the throned Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the fair robes, who straightway marvelled on the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth with the women her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain, but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned kings in their council, whither the noble Phæacians called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father,

dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, shouldst have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought."

This she said, because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father; but he saw all and answered, saying:

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy ways, and the thralls shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men, and they gave ear, and without the palace they made ready the smooth-running mule-wain, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the polished car, and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wain. And her mother gave her soft olive oil also in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs,

and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her attendants followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their mid-day meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking the mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then gray-eyed Athene turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see the lovely maiden, who should be his guide to the city of the Phæacian men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company; she missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly

Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit.

"Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are they froward, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable, and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river-springs, and the grassy water meadows! It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to, I myself will make trial and see."

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice, having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his nakedness withal. And forth he sallied like a lion mountain-bred, trusting in his strength, who fares out blown and rained upon, with flaming eyes; amid the kine he goes or amid the sheep or in the track of the wild deer; yea, his belly bids him go even to the good homestead to make assay upon the flocks. Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh to the fair-tressed maidens, such need had come upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, being marred with the salt sea foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden, and so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and beseech her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town, and give him raiment. And as

he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees: so straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word:

"I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art a goddess or a mortal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heaven; to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and thy lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their souls ever glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes upon me as I look on thee. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bare me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, that here too, methinks, some evil may betide me; for I trow not that trouble will cease; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore to thee first of all am I come, and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods

grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give — a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish — and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil, to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in any wise endure it: — and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant, when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phæacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phæacians depend."

Thus she spake, and called to her maidens of the fair tresses: "Halt, my maidens, whither flee ye at the sight of a man? Ye surely do not take him for an enemy? That mortal breathes not, and never will be born, who shall come with war to the land of the Phæacians, for they are very dear to the gods. For apart we live in the wash of the waves, the outermost of men, and no other mortals are conversant with us. Nay, but this man is some helpless one come hither in his wanderings, whom now we must kindly entreat, for all strangers and beggars are from Zeus,

and a little gift is dear. So, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river, where withal is a shelter from the winds."

So she spake, but they had halted and called each to the other, and they brought Odysseus to the sheltered place, and made him sit down, as Nausicaa bade them, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside him they laid a mantle, and a doublet for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil in the golden cruse, and bade him wash in the streams of the river. Then goodly Odysseus spake among the maidens, saying: "I pray you stand thus apart, while I myself wash the brine from my shoulders, and anoint me with olive oil, for truly oil is long a stranger to my skin. But in your sight I will not bathe, for I am ashamed to make me naked in the company of fair-tressed maidens."

Then they went apart and told all to their lady. But with the river water the goodly Odysseus washed from his skin the salt scurf that covered his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wiped the crusted brine of the barren sea. But when he had washed his whole body, and anointed him with olive oil, and had clad himself in the raiment that the unwedded maiden gave him, then Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him greater and more mighty to behold, and from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacinth flower. And as when some skilful man overlays gold upon silver, even so did Athene shed grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart, and sat down, glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess

marvelled at him, and spake among her fair-tressed maidens, "Listen, my white-armed maidens, and I will say somewhat. Not without the will of all the gods who hold Olympus hath this man come among the godlike Phæacians. Erewhile he seemed to me uncomely, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heaven. Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide! But come, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink."

Thus she spake, and they gave ready ear and hearkened, and set beside Odysseus meat and drink, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink eagerly, for it was long since he had tasted food.

Now Nausicaa of the white arms had another thought. She folded the raiment and stored it in the goodly wain, and yoked the mules strong of hoof, and herself climbed into the car. Then she called on Odysseus, and spake and hailed him: "Up now, stranger, and rouse thee to go to the city, that I may convey thee to the house of my wise father, where, I promise thee, thou shalt get knowledge of all the noblest of the Phæacians. But do thou even as I tell thee, and thou seemest a discreet man enough. So long as we are passing along the fields and farms of men, do thou fare quickly with the maidens behind the mules and the chariot, and I will lead the way. But when we set foot within the city, — whereby goes a high wall with towers, and there is a fair haven on either side of the town, and narrow is the entrance, and curved ships are drawn up on either hand of the mole, for all the folk have stations

for their vessels, each man one for himself. And there is the place of assembly about the goodly temple of Poseidon, furnished with heavy stones, deep bedded in the earth. There men look to the gear of the black ships, hawsers and sails, and there they fine down the oars. For the Phæacians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts, and oars of ships, and gallant barques, wherein rejoicing they cross the gray sea. Their ungracious speech it is that I would avoid, lest some man afterward rebuke me, and there are but too many insolent folk among the people. And some one of the baser sort might meet me and say: 'Who is this that goes with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger? Where found she him? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has taken in some shipwrecked wanderer of strange men, — for no men dwell near us; or some god has come in answer to her instant prayer; from heaven has he descended, and will have her to wife for evermore.'

"But, stranger, heed well what I say, that as soon as may be thou mayest gain at my father's hands an escort and a safe return. Thou shalt find a fair grove of Athene, a poplar grove near the road, and a spring wells forth therein, and a meadow lies all around. There is my father's demesne, and his fruitful close, within the sound of a man's shout from the city. Sit thee down there and wait until such time as we may have come into the city, and reached the house of my father. But when thou deemest that we are got to the palace, then go up to the city of the Phæacians, and ask for the house of my father Alcinous, high of heart. It is easily known, and a young child could be thy

guide, for nowise like it are builded the houses of the Phæacians, so goodly is the palace of the hero Alcinous. But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her. And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal. Pass thou by him, and cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest see quickly and with joy the day of thy returning, even if thou art from a very far country. If but her heart be kindly disposed toward thee, then is there hope that thou shalt see thy friends, and come to thy well-builded house, and to thine own country."

She spake, and smote the mules with the shining whip, and quickly they left behind them the streams of the river. And well they trotted and well they paced, and she took heed to drive in such wise that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot, and cunningly she plied the lash. Then the sun set, and they came to the famous grove, the sacred place of Athene; so there the goodly Odysseus sat him down. Then straightway he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: "Listen to me, child of Zeus, lord of the ægis, unwearied maiden; hear me even now, since before thou heardest not when I was smitten on the sea, when the renowned Earth-shaker smote me. Grant me to come to the Phæacians as one dear, and worthy of pity."

The Odyssey: Translation of BUTCHER AND LANG.

HELPS TO STUDY

One of the most beautiful and most famous passages in Homer is this sixth book of the *Odyssey* which tells the story of Nausicaa. Brave, pure, and straightforward is this princess who lived in an age when queens spun the clothes and princesses did the washing for the family. Where can you find a more charming or a nobler heroine?

1. Who was Odysseus? Athene? Alcinous? Nausicaa? 3. What do you learn of Olympus? 4. Describe the scene in the palace in the morning. 5. Describe the journey to the river. 6. Who is likened to a lion? 7. Which of the maidens was most courageous? 8. What plea did Odysseus make to Nausicaa? 9. What did he say in praise of marriage? 10. What qualities of heart does Nausicaa show in her reply? in her speech to her maidens? 11. What transformation was made in the appearance of Odysseus? 12. What did Nausicaa then say to her maidens? 13. What counsel does she give to Odysseus in regard to entering the city? 14. Why did she think it best for him to go alone? 15. To whom in the palace was he to make his appeal?

16. How does the Queen spend her time? 17. What do you learn of the occupations of high-born maidens in Phæacia? 18. Describe the city, its location, its buildings. 19. What is the chief occupation of the Phæacians? 20. How does Nausicaa show her good sense?

Nausicaa, nô-sik'a-a.
Odysseus, ō-dĭs'sūs.
Phæacia, fē-ā'shi-ä.
Alcinous, al-sin'o-us.
Athene, ath-ē'ne.
Dymas, dī'mas.
Olympus, ō-lim'pus.
Ogygia, ō-jij'i-a.
Zeus, zūs.
Poseidon, pō-sī'don.

For Study with the Glossary: Fordone, wain, betimes, thralls, cruse, kine, jutting spits, weal, doublet, barques, demesne (dĕ-mēn'), ægis.

Review Questions: 1. Who was Homer? 2. When did he live? 3. What have you read in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey?* (See SIXTH READER for selections.) 4. What is an epic poem? 5. Who is the hero of the Odyssey? 6. How do the poems of Homer train one for life?

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race
That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus.
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners —
Souls that have toiled and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tennyson pictures Ulysses (Odysseus) in old age, safely returned to his home in Ithaca, but weary of inactivity and eager again for adventure and achievement. The poem is in blank verse (lines of five feet without rhyme), and celebrates in noble verse the spirit of adventure.

1. Who is supposed to be speaking? 2. What feelings does he show in the first five lines? 3. What does he tell of his experience in lines 7–18? 4. Explain the figure of speech in lines 19–21. 5. What character does Ulysses give to his son? 6. Whom does Ulysses address? 7. Quote the lines which indicate the time of day. 8. Why are the waves called "sounding furrows"? 9. Who was Achilles? 10. Select a single line that expresses the spirit of the poem.

Notes. Ulysses (ū-lis'sēz), mete (mēt), Hyades (hī'a-dēz), Telemachus (te-lĕm'a-kŭs). Happy Isles, fabled isles of the blest, where favorites of the gods went after death. Achilles (a-kil'lēz).

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

Socrates lived centuries after Homer and died 399 before Christ. No writings of his have been preserved but his wise teachings and his noble life are set forth in the Dialogues of Plato, the great philosopher and the chief of Socrates' disciples. In the world of ideas Socrates had the daring and energy of Ulysses, and he was condemned to death on the charge that his teachings were contrary to religion and corrupting to the young. Socrates disdained to defend himself from charges so false; he accepted the penalty and refused to take advantage of a plan for escape offered by his friend Crito. He had taught men how to live and now was ready to teach them how to die.

When Socrates had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"

"Nothing particular," he said; "only I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you."

Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I can

not make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body — and he asks how shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you to go to the joys of the blessed, — these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or, 'Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him'; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burning my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and told us to wait while he went into the bath chamber with Crito; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family

also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down again with us after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink poison; indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be. You know my errand."

Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us he said: "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hilltops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hasten then; there is still time!"

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing this, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone, and could only despise myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito made a sign to the servant who was standing by, and he went out, and having been absent for some time returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed."

The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act."

At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?"

The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough."

"I understand," he said; "but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world — even so — and so be it according to my prayer." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison.

And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a friend. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience."

When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after awhile he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No"; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold, when he uncovered his face — for he had covered himself up — and said (they were his last words) —

he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?"

"The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?"

There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendant uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

PLATO'S *Phaedo*, Translation by JOWETT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What evidence of self-control and dignity does Socrates show as he faces death? 2. What remarks of his are humorous? 3. What tribute was paid to Socrates by his jailer? 4. What tribute was paid by Socrates to his jailer? 5. In what manner did Socrates drink the poison? 6. How did this affect his friends? 7. How did he rebuke them? 8. What were his last words? — perhaps a reference to an unfulfilled vow to the gods. 9. What opinion do you form as to the character of Socrates?

Socrates (sŏk'rā-tez), Crito (krē'to), Asclepius (as-klē'pi-us): god of medicine.

For Study with the Glossary: professions, surety, bereaved, impute, libation.

HORATIUS

In its early days when Rome was only one of many little Italian kingdoms, it was ruled by a tyrant Tarquin. Enraged by the wrongs of the king and his son Sextus, the Romans final'y drove the Tarquins from the city and established a republic. The Tarquins secured the aid of Lars Porsena, who ruled in Tuscany, a district to the north of Rome, and marched against the new republic with a large army. Rome was then a small walled town built on hills west of the Tiber River. To the east, the bridge across the river was defended by a fort on the hill Janiculum. This poem tells of the brave defense of the bridge which made Horatius one of the heroes of the Roman people. A few stanzas are omitted as indicated by the stanza numbers, but the story of the poem is complete.

1

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

2

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

11

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand.
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon this trysting day.

13

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight:
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

16

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.

The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

17

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

18

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all,
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

19

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

20

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust,
Rise fast along the sky.

21

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

22

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

26

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

27

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?

29

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

30

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

31

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.

32

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

34

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

35

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

36

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

39

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

40

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

41

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

42

But hark! the cry is Astur;
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

43

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

44

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

45

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;

Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

46

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

47

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

48

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,

Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

49

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

50

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried, "Forward!"
And those before cried, "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;

And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

51

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away,
Here lies the road to Rome."

52

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

53

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all,
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

54

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

55

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

56

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

57

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

58

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

59

"O, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day."
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

60

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

61

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing
And he was sore in pain

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

62

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within;
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

63

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

64

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;

Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

65

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

66

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

67

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,

As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

68

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

69

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

70

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;

When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions. Why was Lars Porsena making war on Rome? What was "the great house of Tarquin" (stanza 1)? Locate Rome, the Tiber, and Tuscany on your map. The "rock Tarpeian" (stanza 16) was a peak of the Capitoline hill. It received its name from Tarpeia who betrayed the fortress to the Sabines. Ostia (stanza 17) was at the mouth of the Tiber. What commander stormed Janiculum? The Consul (stanza 18) was the chief officer in the republic; the Fathers or elders made up the senate. What was the situation in Rome after the fall of Janiculum? In what words did Horatius offer to defend the bridge? Explain "the ashes of his fathers" (stanza 27).

In stanza 30, the Ramnians and the Titians were two of the original tribes of Rome. How are "the brave days of old" described? Does the description make a good model for the present time? How did the Tuscan army greet the "dauntless Three"? What three Tuscan warriors rushed to the attack? How did they fare? Who next attacked? Where have you heard of him before? "The she-wolf's litter" (stanza 43) refers to Romulus and Remus, founders of Rome, who had been nursed by a wolf, according to the legend. Describe the combat between Astur and Horatius. Augurs (stanza 46) were the Roman officers who interpreted omens and portents, such as a lightning stroke. Lucumo (stanza 47) was the Tuscan title for the chief of a city.

Who was Sextus (stanza 51)? How did the dauntless three save the city? With what is the river compared in stanza 56? After the fall of the bridge how was Horatius greeted by Sextus? by Lars Porsena? Palatinus (stanza 58) was one of the hills of Rome. To whom does Horatius pray in stanza 59? What rewards did Horatius receive? Algidus (stanza 68) was a mountain. Compare Horatius with other patriots of whose deeds you have read; with David; with Arnold of Winkelried.

Proper Names: Horatius (hō-rā'shi-us), Tarquin (tar'kwin), Tuscany (tus'ka-ni), Janiculum (ja-nik'u-lum), Lars Porsena (por'se-na), Clusium (klōō'shi-um), Etruscan (ē-trŭs'ken), Sutrium (sōō'tri-um), Crustumerium (krus-tu-mēr'i-um), Spurius Lartius (spū'ri-us lär'shi-us), Herminius (her-min'i-us), Ocnus (ok'nus), Falerii (fa-lē'ri-i), Lausulus (low'shu-lus), Urgo (ûr'go), Aruns (â'runs), Volsinium (vol-sin'i-um), Algidus (al'jĭ-dus), Astur (as'tur).

For Study with the Glossary: trysting, champaign, wan burghers, wis (think), hied (hastened), swarthy storm, athwart (across), ween (think, believe), surges, hinds, spit.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in 1800. He was a precocious child and before he had graduated from the university had shown astonishing powers of conversation and memory. Some of the stories of his memory seem incredible, but he could repeat *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a single reading was almost sufficient to enable him to memorize an ordinary page. At twenty-five he won fame from his article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*, and henceforth he was the mainstay of that journal. At thirty he entered the House of Commons and made a brilliant reputation as an orator. On account of his father's loss of property Macaulay gave up Parliament and developed a lucrative post in India. On his return to England Macaulay again entered Parliament but his interests turned more and more to literature. In 1842 he published the *Lays of Ancient Rome* from which "Horatius" is taken. This book of poems at once attained great popularity, as did his collected essays, published the following year. Some of these essays are on historical subjects, as those on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive; others

are on leading men of letters and afford most interesting introductions to literary history. The remainder of Macaulay's life was devoted to his *History of England.* The first two volumes in 1848 sold like a popular novel in England and America; two volumes more in 1856 brought him $100,000 in a single year. He was made Baron Macaulay of Rothby in 1851, and died eight years later. Trevelyan's *Life and Letters* gives a most interesting account of Macaulay's life, of his amiability and energy, his devotion to his parents, and his kindness as an uncle to his nephews and nieces.

Here is an extract from a letter which he wrote to his father when he was a schoolboy of thirteen. The fondness which he expresses for mathematics did not last long.

" As to my examination preparations, I will, if you please, give you a sketch of my plan. On Monday, the day on which the examination subjects are given out, I shall begin. My first performance will be my verses and my declamation. I shall then translate the Greek and Latin. The first time of going over I shall mark the passages which puzzle me, and then return to them again. But I shall have also to rub up my mathematics (by-the-bye, I begin the second book of Euclid to-day), and to study whatever history may be appointed for the examination. I shall not be able to avoid trembling whether I know my subjects or not. I am, however, intimidated at nothing but Greek. Mathematics suit my taste, although, before I came, I declaimed against them, and asserted that, when I went to college, it should not be to Cambridge. I am occupied with the hope of lecturing Mama and Selina upon mathematics as I used to do upon heraldry, and to change Or, and Argent, and Azure, and Gules, for squares, and points, and circles, and angles, and triangles, and rectangles, and rhomboids, and, in a word, ' all the pomp and circumstance ' of Euclid. When I come home, I shall, if my purse is sufficient, bring a couple of rabbits for Selina and Jane.

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS B. MACAULAY."

MARK ANTONY AT CÆSAR'S FUNERAL

Julius Cæsar, who was born about one hundred years before Christ, was one of the greatest of the Romans. As a general he conquered all of what is now France, and even led his legions across the channel into Britain. After a brief civil war he won the highest position in the government and ruled with remarkable ability. Many of his old opponents, however, were jealous of his power, and formed a conspiracy to murder him, on the ground that he intended to destroy the republic and make himself king. Cassius, one of the conspirators, succeeded in winning over to their cause Cæsar's friend, the noble and patriotic Brutus. When the conspirators attacked Cæsar he defended himself until he saw Brutus among them, and then cried, "You too, Brutus" and gave up without further struggle.

One of Shakespeare's greatest plays, *Julius Cæsar*, tells of the conspiracy and assassination of Cæsar, and also of the defeat and punishment of Cassius and Brutus. The scene which follows occurs in the forum or market place just after the assassination. Brutus has been induced to permit Mark Antony, Cæsar's loyal friend, to speak to the citizens. Brutus is to speak first, justifying the conspirators, then Antony is to give a funeral oration.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them renderèd.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. . . .

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best love for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen, —

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans, —
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors. Honorable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! Room! Bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd!
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who first appear? 2. Who was Brutus? 3. What reasons does he give for killing Cæsar? 4. What effect did his speech have on the citizens? 5. Who now enter? 6. What request does Brutus make of the citizens? 7. How do the citizens feel toward Antony when he begins to speak? 8. What statement about Brutus does Antony make repeatedly? 9. Does he believe this statement? 10. What is the effect of its repetition? 11. What accusation made against Cæsar by Brutus does Antony try to disprove? How? 12. In what ways does he work on the people's feelings? 13. Why does Antony keep the reading of the will back for a time? 14. How does he tell the people what is in the will while pretending to keep it back? 15. In what way does he allude to one of Cæsar's great victories? 16. In the passage on page 134 how does he increase the pathos? How does he arouse anger against Brutus? 17. What are the feelings of the people now? 18. When the mob is aroused to this pitch, what does Antony say of himself? 19. Why does he appear so humble? 20. What does he still keep back for a finishing touch? 21. In what words does Antony disclose his purpose? 22. Compare the speeches of Brutus and Antony. 23. Which is in prose, which in verse? 24. Do you see any reason for this? Which appeals most successfully to the emotions? 25. Follow the scene

through again, noting the effects of the speeches on the crowd as shown in the response of the citizens. 26. Note again the different effects of Antony's constant references to the "honorable" Brutus. 27. Select the passage which you like the best. 28. In what ways does this scene show Shakespeare's great knowledge of human nature?

Notes on Words and Phrases: P. 128, l. 3, **rendered,** set forth; l. 6, **lovers,** friends; l. 9, **censure,** judge. **P. 130,** l. 3, **beholding,** beholden, under obligation; l. 14, **interred,** buried. **P. 131,** l. 9, **Lupercal,** a Roman festival; l. 17, **to mourn,** from mourning. **P. 132,** l. 1, **abide,** pay for, suffer; l. 20, **napkins,** handkerchiefs. **P. 133,** l. 10, I have gone too far in telling of it; l. 27, **far,** farther. The old comparative of far was farrer, which contracted in pronunciation to **far.** **P. 134,** l. 4, **Nervii,** a German tribe. The allusion is to one of Cæsar's most famous victories; l. 6, **Envious,** malicious; l. 10, **resolv'd,** informed; l. 12, **Cæsar's angel,** Caesar's best beloved; l. 25, **The dint of pity,** the impression or effect of pity. **P. 136,** l. 17, **drachmas,** coins worth almost twenty cents each. **P. 137,** l. 5, **forms,** benches.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare was born in 1564 in the town of Stratford on the river Avon, some fifty miles from London. His father was a merchant and the boy William went to the Grammar School where he studied Latin and probably first became interested in Julius Cæsar. His father's business did not prosper, and the boy's schooling did not go very far, for he was married at eighteen. A few years later we hear of him in London where he had become an actor and a writer of plays.

For twenty-five years he lived in London, gaining wealth and reputation, but he did not lose his love for his boyhood

home. As soon as his affairs prospered, he invested his money at Stratford, and after a time bought New Place, the finest house in the village. To Stratford he returned to spend his last years, and there he died in 1616. To the beautiful village thousands of visitors journey each year from all parts of the world and especially from America to see the house in which he was born and the church where he was buried, and to wonder anew at the great genius who once as a boy trudged along the narrow streets to school.

But the great memorials of Shakespeare are not at Stratford. They are the thirty-seven plays which are being read to-day wherever men read anything. The earliest plays that he wrote were not greatly better than those of other dramatists of the time; but he grew year by year in his knowledge of human nature and in his power to give beautiful and noble expression to all kinds of thoughts and feelings. We do not know much about the man Shakespeare, but we know the men and women of his plays almost as if they were real persons. Now, three hundred years and more since he died, these thousand persons that he created are still alive, still speaking, still ready and waiting to make the acquaintance of new generations of readers.

Boys and girls in Shakespeare's time did not have much chance to go to the theater. But, if you had been an apprentice working in London, you might have got a holiday and have gone with some companions to the Globe playhouse, the most famous in London, because there Shakespeare's wonderful plays were acted. Your way would have been across the London bridge, lined on both sides

with shops, to the district south of the Thames. There in the open fields was a barn-like wooden building, nearly round in form, with a flag flying from the roof, to show that a play was to be given that afternoon. You would pay your penny at the narrow door and enter the pit. This was the open space without any roof, in the center of the building. Around it were three tiers of galleries, where spectators by paying extra could have benches to sit on and a roof to protect them from the rain. In the pit every one stood, and if you were lucky, you might squeeze your way to the front near the stage. This was a platform extending out into the pit, and was without footlights, scenery, or front curtain. There was a balcony in the rear, a curtained alcove beneath it, and doors on the sides from which the actors entered.

Hark, there goes the trumpet! As it sounds a second and a third time, the crowd grows silent, and an actor enters to announce the play. Perhaps it is Shakespeare himself; if so, you may be sure there is a great shout of applause. What is the play to be? Shall we have a journey to fairyland and see Titania and Oberon; or shall we visit romantic Italy with Portia's suitors; or shall we meet the ghost of Hamlet's father on the castle walls in Denmark? No, to-day there is to be a new play that will take us far back into ancient Rome.

At first it scarcely seems like Rome, for the stage has no scenery and the actors are dressed just like the London citizens of the day. But here comes a great procession with Julius Cæsar himself and his wife Calpurnia. That

stately lady, with a huge ruff about her neck and a dress covered with jewels, is really one of the boy actors. There were no actresses then, and boys in each company were trained to act the parts of women, just as they are in Japan to-day.

But you must not talk to your fellow apprentice. No one is talking any more. Pit and galleries are hushed as the noble verse rolls forth in the moving voices of the actors. The apprentice boy has forgotten his hard tasks and forgotten his holiday. He is living with the heroes of Rome, and crying with the Roman citizens as Mark Antony moves them to revenge. His everyday world has been suddenly enlarged; he is no longer a humble boy; he is lifted on a height, and the panorama of the great world is moving before him.

This is what every one receives from the plays of Shakespeare, whether in the theater, or at home, or at school. They teach us to know men and women, to choose the good from the bad, to admire what is beautiful and useful. They lead our imaginations to look beyond the daily routine, to see life as full of opportunity and human nature, as capable of the best and highest.

1. When and where was Shakespeare born? 2. How old was he when he died? 3. Describe the Globe playhouse. 4. In what respects did the performance of a play in Shakespeare's time differ from a performance to-day? 5. Name some of Shakespeare's plays. 6. Tell what each is about. 7. What persons in his plays do you remember? 8. Who is your favorite among his women? why? 9. What lessons can we learn from his plays?

ROLAND AND HIS HORN

When the Normans conquered England at the battle of Hastings, a warrior minstrel rode in front of the Norman army singing the *Song of Roland.* This is a poem written in Old French telling of Roland, a great prince who served under the Emperor Charlemagne. Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, ruled over most of western Europe and was crowned emperor at Rome on Christmas day, in the year 800. Roland's most famous deed was his last battle against the Moors, — Mohammedans who had crossed from Africa into Spain and threatened Christendom.

After his death Roland and his comrade Oliver soon became the heroes of many stories and songs, and like the heroes of Greece they were represented as having superhuman strength. From these songs and stories there grew a great popular epic, that is, a poem telling of the deeds of a hero of a people. This is the *Song of Roland,* the story of which is taken from Sir G. W. Cox's *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.*

I

Charles the Great, king of the Franks, had fought seven years in Spain, until he had conquered all the land down to the sea, and there remained not a castle whose walls he had not broken down, save only Saragossa, a fortress on a rugged mountain top, so steep and strong that he could not take it. There dwelt the pagan King Marsilius, who feared not God, but served Mohammed.

King Marsilius sat on his throne in his garden, beneath an olive tree, and summoned his lords and nobles to council. When twenty thousand of his warriors were gathered

around him, he spoke to his dukes and counts, saying: "What shall we do? Lo! these seven years the great Charles has been winning all our lands, till only Saragossa remains to us. We are too few to give him battle, and man for man we are no match for his warriors. What shall we do to save our lands?"

Then up spake Blancandrin, a wily counselor: "It is plain we must be rid of this proud Charles; Spain must be rid of him; and since he is too strong to drive out with the sword, let us see what promises will do. Send envoys to him and say that we will give him great treasure in gold and cattle. Say that we will be his vassals, and do him service at his call. Say that we will forsake our God and call upon his God. Say anything, so long as it will persuade him to ride away with his army and quit our land." And all the pagans said, "It is well spoken."

Charles the Emperor held festival before Cordova, and rejoiced, he and his host, because they had taken the city, had overthrown its walls, and had gotten much booty, both of gold and silver and rich raiment. The emperor sat among his knights in a green meadow. Round about him were Roland, his nephew, the captain of his host, and other princes, as well as fifteen thousand of the noblest-born in France. The emperor sat upon a chair of gold, beneath a pine tree; white and long was his beard, and he was huge of limb and noble of countenance. When the messengers of King Marsilius came into his presence, they knew him straightway, and alighted quickly from their mules, and came, meekly bending at his feet.

Then said Blancandrin, "God save the king, the glorious king, whom all men ought to worship. My master King Marsilius sends greeting to the great Charles, whose power no man can withstand, and he prays thee make peace with him. Marsilius offers gifts of bears and lions and hounds, seven hundred camels, a thousand falcons, of gold and silver, as much as four hundred mules harnessed to fifty chariots can draw, with all his treasure of jewels. Only make peace with us and retire with thy army to Aachen, and my master will meet thee there at the feast of St. Michael. He will be baptized in thy faith, and will hold Spain as thy vassal. Thou shalt be his lord, and thy God shall be his God."

The emperor bowed his head while he thought upon the message; for he never spake a hasty word, and never went back from a word once spoken. Having mused awhile, he raised his head and answered: "The King Marsilius is greatly my enemy. In what manner shall I be assured that he will keep his covenant?" The messengers said: "Great king, we offer hostages of good faith, the children of our noblest. Take ten or twenty, as it seemeth good to thee; but treat them tenderly, for verily at the feast of St. Michael our king will redeem his pledge, and come to Aachen to be baptized and pay his homage and his tribute."

Then the king commanded a pavilion to be spread, wherein to lodge them for the night. And on the morrow, after they had taken their journey home, and the king had heard mass, he called his barons to him. There

came all the chiefs of his army and with them many thousand noble warriors. Then the king showed them after what manner the messengers had spoken, and asked their advice. With one voice the Franks answered, "Beware of King Marsilius."

Then spake Roland and said: "Trust him not. Remember how he slew the messengers whom we sent to him before. Seven years have we been in Spain, and now only Saragossa holds out against us. Be not slack to finish what is now well-nigh done. Gather the host. Lay siege to Saragossa with all thy might. Conquer the last stronghold of the pagans, and end this long and weary war."

But Ganelon drew near to the king and spake: "Heed not the counsel of any babbler, unless it be to thine own profit. What has Marsilius promised? Will he not give up his God, himself, his service, and his treasure?" And all the Franks answered, "The counsel of Ganelon is good."

So Charles said, "Who will go up to Saragossa to King Marsilius and make terms of peace with him?"

Roland answered, "Send Ganelon," and the Franks said, "Ganelon is the man, for there is none more cunning of speech than he." So King Charles sent Ganelon as his envoy. But Ganelon was a traitor and gave evil counsel to King Marsilius, saying: "Send back the hostages to Charles with me. Then will Charles gather his host together, and depart out of Spain, and go to Aachen, there to await the fulfillment of thy promise. But he will leave his rear guard of twenty thousand, together with Roland and Oliver, and his noblest knights, to follow after him.

Fall on these with all thy warriors; let not one escape. So shall the pride of Charles be broken; for the strength of his army is not in his host, but in these, and in Roland his right arm. Destroy them, and thou mayest choose thy terms of peace, for Charles will fight no more. The rear guard will take their journey along the narrow valley of Roncesvalles. Surround the valley with thy host, and lie in wait for them. They will fight hard, but in vain."

When Ganelon came before Charles, he told him King Marsilius would perform the oath which he swore, and was even now setting out upon his journey, to pay the price of peace and be baptized. Then Charles lifted up his hands towards heaven, and thanked God for the prosperous ending of the war in Spain.

On the morrow the king arose and gathered to him his host to go away to keep the feast of St. Michael at Aachen and to meet Marsilius there. And Olger the Dane he made captain of the vanguard of his army which should go with him. Then said the king to Ganelon, "Whom shall I make captain of the rear guard which I leave behind?" Ganelon answered, "Roland; for there is none like him in all the host." So Charles made Roland captain of the rear guard. With Roland there remained behind Oliver, and the twelve knights, and Turpin the Archbishop, who for love of Roland went with him, and twenty thousand well-proved warriors. Then said the king to his nephew, "Good Roland, behold, the half of my army have I given thee in charge. See thou keep them safely." Roland answered: "Fear nothing. I shall render good account of them."

II

So they took leave of one another, and the king and his host marched forward, till they reached the borders of Spain. They had to travel along steep and dangerous mountain ways, and down through silent valleys made gloomy by overhanging crags. And when the king thought upon his nephew whom he left behind, his heart grew heavy with the thought of ill. So they came into France and saw their own lands again. But Charles would not be comforted, and would sit with his face wrapped in his mantle; and he often said that he feared that Ganelon had wrought some treason.

Now Marsilius had sent in haste to all his barons to assemble a mighty army, and in three days he gathered four hundred thousand men at Roncesvalles, in the western Pyrenees, and there lay in wait for the rear guard of King Charles. And a great number of the most valiant pagan kings banded themselves together to attack Roland in a body, and to fight with none other till he was slain.

Now when the rear guard had toiled up the rocky pass and climbed the mountain ridge, they looked down on Roncesvalles, whither their journey lay. And behold! all the valley bristled with spears, and the valley sides were overspread with them, for the multitude was like blades of grass upon a pasture; and the murmur of the pagan host rose to them on the mountain as the murmur of a sea.

Then when they saw that Ganelon had played them false, Oliver spake to Roland: "What shall we now do

because of this treason? For this is a greater multitude of pagans than has ever been gathered together in the world before. And they will certainly give us battle." Roland answered: "God grant it; for sweet it is to do our duty for our king. This will we do: when we have rested we will go forward." Then said Oliver: "We are but a handful. These are in number as the sands of the sea. Be wise; take now your horn, good comrade, and sound it; perhaps Charles may hear, and come back with his host to rescue us." But Roland answered: "The greater the number, the more glory. God forbid I should sound my horn and bring Charles back with his barons, and lose my good name, and bring disgrace upon us all. Fear not the numbers of the host; I promise you they shall repent of coming here; they are as good as dead already in my mind."

Three times Oliver urged him to sound his horn, but Roland would not, for he said, "God and His angels are on our side; through Him we shall do great wonders, and He will not see us put to shame before His enemies." Yet again Oliver pleaded, for he had mounted up into a pine tree and seen more of the multitude that came against them; far as the eye could see they reached; and he prayed Roland to come and see also. But he would not. "Time enough," he said, "to know their numbers, when we come to count the slain. We will make ready for battle."

Roland ranged his trusty warriors and went to and fro among them, riding upon his battle horse, by his side

his good sword Durendal. There was not a man but loved him unto death and cheerfully would follow where he led. He looked upon the pagan host, and his countenance waxed fierce and terrible; he looked upon his band, and his face was mild and gentle. He said: "Good comrades, lords, and barons, let no man grudge his life to-day; but only see that he sells it dear. A score of pagans is a poor price for one of us. I have promised to render good account of you. I have no fear. God knows the result of the fight, but we know that much glory and worship await us upon earth and crowns in Paradise." Then he gave the word, "Forward!" and with his golden spurs pricked his steed. So, foremost, he led the rear guard down the mountain side, down into the Valley of Death, called Roncesvalles. Close following came Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, and the valiant Twelve, the guard pressing forward with shouts and bearing the snow-white banner of their king aloft.

Marvelous and fierce was the battle. Roland's spear was good, for it crashed through fifteen pagan bodies, through brass and hide and bone, before the trusty ash broke in his hand and he drew Durendal from its sheath. The Twelve did wondrously; nay, every man of the twenty thousand fought with lionlike courage; and no man counted his life dear to him. Archbishop Turpin, resting for a moment to get fresh breath, cried out, "Thank God to see the rear guard fight to-day!" and then spurred in again among them. Roland saw Oliver still fighting with the butt of his spear and said, "Comrade, draw thy

sword"; but he answered: "Not while a handful of the stump remains. Weapons are precious to-day."

For hours they fought, and not a Frank gave way. Wheresoever a man planted his foot, he kept the ground or died. The guard hewed down the pagans by crowds, till the earth was heaped with full two hundred thousand heathen dead. Of those kings who had banded together by oath to fight him, Roland gave good account, for he laid them all dead about him in a ring, and Durendal to its hilt dripped with blood. But many thousands of the Franks were slain, and of the Twelve there now remained but two.

Marsilius looked upon his shattered host and saw them fall back in panic, for they were dismayed because of the Franks. But Marsilius heard the sound of trumpets from the mountain top, and a glad man was he, for twenty strong battalions of Mohammedans were come to his help, and these poured down the valley side. Seeing this, the rest of the pagans took heart again, and they pressed about the remnant of the guard, and shut them in on every hand. Nevertheless Roland and his fast-lessening band were not dismayed. So marvelously they fought, so many thousand pagans they hurled down, making grim jests the while as though they played at war for sport, that their enemies were in mortal fear and doubted greatly if numbers would suffice to overwhelm these men, for it seemed as if God's angels were come down to the battle. But the brave rear guard dwindled away, and Roland scarce dared turn his eyes to see the handful that re-

mained. Dead were the Twelve, with all the flower of the guard.

Then Roland spake to Oliver, "Comrade, I will sound my horn; perhaps Charles may hear and come to us." But Oliver was angry, and answered: "It is now too late. Hadst thou but heeded me in time, much weeping might have been spared the women of France, Charles would not have lost his guard, nor France her valiant Roland." "Talk not of what might have been," said Archbishop Turpin, "but blow thy horn. Charles cannot come in time to save our lives, but he will certainly come and avenge them."

Then Roland put the horn to his mouth, and blew a great blast. Far up the valley went the sound and smote against the mountain tops; these echoed it on from ridge to ridge for thirty leagues. Charles heard it in his hall and said: "Listen! what is that? Surely our men do fight to-day." But Ganelon answered the king: "What folly is this! It is only the sighing of the wind among the trees."

Weary with battle, Roland took the horn again, and blew it with all his strength. So long and mighty was the blast, the veins stood out upon his forehead in great cords. Charles heard it in his palace and cried: "Hark! I hear Roland's horn. He is in battle or he would not sound it." Ganelon answered: "Too proud is he to sound it in battle. My lord the king groweth old and childish in his fears. What if it be Roland's horn? He hunteth perchance in the woods. Forsooth, a merry jest it would

be for him were the king to make ready for war and gather his thousands, and find Roland at his sport, hunting a little hare."

The blood ran fast down Roland's face, and in sore pain and heaviness he lifted the horn to his mouth and feebly blew it again. Charles heard it in his palace and started from his seat; the salt tears gathered in his eyes and dropped upon his snowy beard; and he said: "O Roland, my brave captain, too long have I delayed! Thou art in evil need. I know it by the wailing of the horn! Quick, now, to arms! Make ready, every man! For straightway we will go and help him." Then he thrust Ganelon away, and said to his servants, "Take this man, and bind him fast with chains; keep him under guard till I return in peace and know if he has wrought us treason." So they bound Ganelon and flung him into a dungeon; and Charles the Great and his host set out with all speed to come to Roland.

III

Fierce with the cruel throbbing of his wounds, and well-nigh blinded with the blood that trickled down his face, Roland fought on, and with his good sword Durendal slew the pagan prince, Faldrun, and three and twenty mighty champions. The little company that was left of the brave rear guard cut down great masses of the pagans, and reaped among them as the reapers reap at harvest time, but one by one the reapers fell ere yet the harvest could be gathered in. Yet where each Frank lay, beside him there lay his

pile of slain, so any man might see how dear he had sold his life. But a pagan king espied where Oliver was fighting seven abreast, and spurred his horse and rode and smote him through the back a mortal wound. Yet even when the pains of death took hold on Oliver, so that his eyes grew dim and he knew no man, he never ceased striking out on every side with his sword; and then Roland hastened to his help, and, cutting the pagans down for a wide space about, came to his horse. But Oliver struck him a blow that brake the helm to shivers on his throbbing head. Nevertheless, Roland for all his pain took him tenderly down, and spake with much gentleness, saying, "Dear comrade, I fear that thou art grievously wounded." Oliver said, "Thy voice is like Roland's voice; but I cannot see thee." Roland answered, "It is I, thy comrade." Then he said: "Forgive me if I smote thee. It is so dark that I cannot see thy face; give me thy hand; God bless thee, Roland; God bless Charles and France!" So saying, he fell upon his face and died.

A heavy-hearted man was Roland; little cared he for his life since Oliver, his good comrade, was parted from him. Then he turned and looked for the famous rear guard of King Charles the Great. Only two men were left besides himself.

Turpin the Archbishop, Count Walter, and Roland set themselves together to sell their lives as dearly as they might; and when the pagans ran upon them in a multitude with shouts and cries, Roland slew twenty, Count Walter six, and Turpin five. Then the pagans drew back

and gathered together all the remnant of their army, forty thousand horsemen and a thousand footmen with spears, and charged upon the three. Count Walter fell at the first shock. The Archbishop's horse was killed, and he, being brought to earth, lay there dying, with four wounds in his breast.

Then Roland took the horn and sought to wind it yet again. Very feeble was the sound, yet Charles heard it away beyond the mountains, where he marched fast to help his guard. And the king said: "Good barons, great is Roland's distress; I know it by the sighing of the horn. Spare neither spur nor steed for Roland's sake." Then he commanded to sound all the trumpets long and loud; and the mountains tossed the sound from peak to peak, so that it was plainly heard down in the Valley of Roncesvalles.

The pagans heard the trumpets ringing behind the mountains, and they said: "These are the trumpets of Charles the Great. Behold Charles cometh upon us with his host, and we shall have to fight the battle again if we remain. Let us rise up and depart quickly. There is but one man more to slay." Then four hundred of the bravest rode at Roland; and he, spurring his weary horse against them, strove still to shout his battle cry, but could not, for voice failed him. And when he was come within spear-cast, every pagan flung a spear at him, for they feared to go nigh him, and said, "There is none born of woman that can slay this man." Stricken with twenty spears, his faithful steed dropped dead. Roland fell under him, his

armor pierced everywhere with spearpoints. Stunned with the fall, he lay there in a swoon. The pagans came and looked on him, and gave him up for dead. Then they left him and made all speed to flee before Charles should come. They hastened up the mountain sides, and left the gloomy valley piled with dead, and fled away towards Spain.

Roland lifted his eyes and beheld the pagans fleeing up the mountain passes; and he was left alone among the dead. Then in great pain he drew his limbs from underneath his horse, and got upon his feet, but scarce could stand. He dragged himself about the valley, and looked upon his dead friends and comrades. Round about each one there lay a full score of pagan corpses, and Roland said, "Charles will see that the guard has done its duty." He came to where Oliver lay, and he lifted the body tenderly in his arms, saying, "Dear comrade, thou wast ever a good and gentle friend to me; better warrior never broke a spear, nor wielded sword; wise wert thou of counsel, and I repent me that once only I hearkened not to thy voice. God rest thy soul. A sweeter friend and truer comrade no man ever had than thou." And in the Valley of Death, Roland wept for the last of his friends.

When he found death coming on him, Roland took his sword Durendal in one hand, and his horn in the other, and crawled away about a bowshot to a green hillock, whereupon four marble steps were built beneath the trees. There he lay down in his agony. A certain pagan was plundering there among the dead, and watched till Roland

ceased to moan in his pain; then, thinking there was no more breath in him, the thief stole slowly up, and seeing the glitter of the hilt of Durendal, put forth his hand and drew it from its sheath. Roland lifted his eyes and saw the thief bend over him with the sword in his hand. He seized the horn from beside him, and dealt the man a blow upon the crown that broke his skull.

Then he took Durendal into his hands, and prayed that it might not fall into the power of his enemies. He said: "O Durendal, how keen of edge, how bright of blade thou art! God sent thee by his angel to King Charles, to be his captain's sword. Charles girt thee at my side. How many countries thou hast conquered for him in my hands! O Durendal, though it grieves me sore, I had rather break thee than that pagan hands should wield thee against France." Then he prayed that God would now give him strength to break his sword; and lifting it in his hands, he smote mightily upon the topmost marble step. The gray stone chipped and splintered, but the good blade broke not, neither was its edge turned. He smote the second step; the blade bit it, and leaped back, but blunted not, nor broke. The third step he smote with all his might; it powdered where he struck, but the sword broke not, nor lost its edge. And when he could no more lift the sword, his heart smote him that he had tried to break the holy blade; and he said, "O Durendal, the angels will keep thee safe for Charles and France!"

Then Roland, when he felt death creep upon him, lay down and set his face toward Spain and toward his ene-

mies, that men should plainly see he fell a conqueror. Beneath him he put the sword and horn. Then lifted he his weary hands to heaven and closed his eyes; and whilst he mused God sent his swift archangels, Gabriel and Michael, to bear his soul to Paradise.

Gloom fell; the mists went up, and there was only death and silence in the valley. The low red sun was setting in the west.

Charles and his host rode hard, and drew not rein until they reached the mountain top, and looked down on the Valley of Roncesvalles. They blew the trumpets, but there was no sound and there was no answer but the echoes on the mountain sides. Then down through the gloom and mist they rode, and saw the field; saw Roland dead, and Oliver; saw the Archbishop and the twelve valiant peers, and every man of the twenty thousand chosen guard; saw how fiercely they had fought, how hard they died.

There was not one in all the king's host but lifted up his voice and wept for pity at the sight they saw. But Charles the king fell on his face on Roland's body, with a great and exceeding bitter cry. No word he spake, but only lay and moaned upon the dead that was so dear to him. Then the king left four good knights in Roncesvalles to guard the dead from birds and beasts of prey, and set out in chase of the pagans.

In a vale the Franks overtook them, hard by a broad and swift river. There being hemmed in, the river in front, and the fierce Franks behind, the pagans were cut to pieces; not one escaped, save Marsilius and a little

band who had taken another way and got safe to Saragossa. Thence Marsilius sent letters to the king of Babylon, who ruled forty kingdoms, praying him to come over and help him. And he gathered a mighty army and put off to sea to come to Marsilius.

Now after this Marsilius and the king of Babylon came out to battle with King Charles before the walls of Saragossa. But Charles utterly destroyed the pagans there and slew the two kings, and broke down the gates of Saragossa and took the city. So he conquered Spain and avenged himself for Roland and his guard.

G. W. Cox: *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Who was Roland? 2. Who was Charlemagne? 3. When did they live? 4. How long did they live before the Norman Conquest? 5. What poem was composed within this time? 6. Who were the Moors? 7. Find Saragossa and Cordova on your map of Spain. 8. Where is Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), the capital of Charlemagne's empire? 9. At the beginning of the story, what was the state of the war between Charles and the Moors? 10. Tell of Blancandrin's stratagem. 11. Tell of the treason of Ganelon. 12. What post was assigned to Roland?

II. 1. Trace on your map the march on which Charles started from Cordova to Aachen. 2. Describe the debate between Roland and Oliver. 3. With what weapon did Roland fight at first? 4. When did he draw his sword? 5. When did Roland sound his horn? 6. How many times did he sound it? 7. How far did its sound carry according to the story? 8. What effect did the horn have in Charles's camp?

III. 1. Tell of the death of Oliver. 2. Who remained of the rear guard? 3. What answer did Roland's horn now receive? 4. What

were Roland's final words to Oliver. 5. Where did Roland go to die? 6. Why did he try to break his sword? 7. Describe the return of Charles and his army. 8. How did Charles avenge Roland's death? 9. Where is Babylon? 10. Though this story is based on history, what parts are evidently not true?

Proper Names: Roland (rō'land), Charlemagne (sharl'e-mān), Marsilius (mar-sil'ius), Saragossa (sa-ra-gos'sa), Blancandrin (blan-kān'-drin), Cordova (kor'do-va), Aachen (ä'ken), Ganelon (găn'e-lon), Roncesvalles (rons-val'), Turpin (tur'pin), Durendal (du-rĕn-dal'), Faldrun (făl'drun).

For Study with the Glossary: falcons, hostages, vanguard, forsooth, wax, shivers, peers.

Topics for Oral and Written Composition: 1. Roland an Example of a True Knight. 2. The Traitor Ganelon. 3. The Fight of the Rear Guard. 4. The Death of Oliver. 5. Roland and Durendal. 6. Roland Compared with Horatius. 7. Some Greek Heroes. 8. The World in 800 A.D. 9. The Moors. 10. The Battle of Hastings.

Questions for Brief Oral Debates

1. Which was the greater hero, Horatius or Roland?
2. Are the ideals of chivalry needed to-day?
3. Would you prefer to have lived in the time of Odysseus or the time of Charlemagne?
4. Is blank verse easier to read aloud than rhymed verse?
5. Whom do you admire most, Nausicaa or Ruth?
6. Which is the better poem, "Young Lochinvar" or "Sir Patrick Spens" (the next selection)?

SIR PATRICK SPENS

This is one of the old ballads that was handed down by word of mouth through many generations. The old spelling is a guide to the pronunciation which was English as the Scots spoke it. Notice the old-fashioned words, many of which are Scotch.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blood-red wine:
"O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sate at the king's right knee —
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a broad letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

To Noroway, to Noroway
To Noroway o'er the faem
The king's daughter of Noroway
'Tis thou must bring her hame.

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laughed he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O who is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
With all the speed they may;
And they have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say: —

"Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Full loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white money
As gane my men and me —
And I hae brought a half fou o' good red goud
Out o'er the sea with me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men all!
Our good ship sails the morn."
"Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
With the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors broke and the topmasts lap,
It was such a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till all her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a good sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast;
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor good,
To take the helm in hand,
Till ye get up to the tall topmast:
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Go, fetch a web o' the silken cloth,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let not the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken cloth,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them round that good ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O loth, loth, were our good Scotch lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang ere a' the play was play'd
They wet their hats aboon.

And many was the featherbed
That floated on the faem,
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white —
The maidens tore their hair;
All for the sake of their true loves —
For them they'll see no mair.

O long, long may the ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And long, long may the maidens sit,
Wi' the goud combs in their hair,
All waiting for their own dear loves —
For them they'll see no mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scotch lords at his feet.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where is the king? 2. For what purpose does he need a sailor? 3. How did Sir Patrick Spens receive the king's letter? 4. Which stanza shows the ship ready to leave Norway for Scotland? 5. What sign of bad weather is noted? 6. Which stanza tells of the Scots' lords? 7. What is there especially striking about this stanza? 8. In what different ways are we told that the ship was lost? 9. What other old ballads have you read? 10. What modern poems are modeled on the old ballads? See "Young Lochinvar," pp. 16, 17.

Notes: **skeely**, skillful. **eldern**, old. **sate**, sat. **broad letter**, commission. **faem** (fām), foam. **ee**, eyes. **goud**, gold. **queenis fee**, queen's property. **gane**, suffices. **fou**, bushel. **lift**, air. **gurly**, stormy. **lap**, sprang. **bolt**, plank. **twine**, coarse cloth. **wap**, wrap, bind. **loth**, unwilling. **shoon**, shoes. **aboon**, above.

IVANHOE

These selections are taken from *Ivanhoe* by Sir Walter Scott. It is one of the best of all historical novels and presents a story full of interest along with a brilliant panorama of England of the twelfth century. It was the time of chivalry, when knights in armor fought for fair ladies or journeyed across the seas to try to wrest Jerusalem from the Saracens. Despite all the splendor of tournaments, courts, and crusades, there was little comfort or security for the ordinary man. England had been for a hundred years under the Norman conquerors; and, although there had been much intermarriage, the hatred between the races still survived. Anglo-Saxon language, manners, and customs continued to exist in spite of the tyranny of the Norman barons. England was still thinly inhabited, a land of forests and marshes, infected with robbers. The only places of security were the monasteries and nunneries, the fortified cities, and the strong castles of the barons, who were the worst robbers of all.

Richard the Lion Hearted (Cœur de Lion) was King and beloved because of his generosity and bravery; but at the time the novel begins he had been long absent on a crusade and was supposed to be still a prisoner in Austria. England was ruled by his brother John, a false and unworthy monarch, who gathered the worst of the barons about him as favorites. Their harsh treatment of the Saxon people gave excuse for the daring deeds of outlaws, such as Robin Hood, celebrated in the people's ballads. No one suffered more under Prince John than the Jews, whose money he needed to aid his schemes to deprive Richard of the throne.

Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe is a gallant young Saxon knight who has been disinherited by his father Cedric of Rotherwood because of his love for Rowena, a Saxon heiress and ward of Cedric. Cedric wishes Rowena to wed Athelstane, heir of the old Saxon kings. Ivanhoe has followed Richard in the crusade to Palestine, where he has won honor and the favor of the King. His estates have meanwhile been given by Prince

John to a brutal Norman baron, Front de Bœuf. Ivanhoe has returned to England, disguised as a palmer, or pilgrim from the Holy Land, and thus disguised made his way to his old home. There he finds several guests for the night, a richly dressed prior of a neighboring monastery, Bois-Guilbert, a knight of the famous Templars, sworn to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and Isaac of York, a wealthy but timid member of the universally persecuted race of Jews. They are on their way to the tournament at Ashby, and the palmer finds occasion to praise the English knights whom he has seen in Palestine and promises that Ivanhoe, if he should return to England, will meet the challenge of the proud Templar.

The guests retire for the night, and our selection begins as the palmer is seeking his lodging.

I. LADY ROWENA AND THE PALMER

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, passed through the intricate combination of apartments of this large and irregular mansion, the cup-bearer coming behind him whispered in his ear that, if he had no objection to a cup of good mead in his apartment, there were many domestics in that family who would gladly hear the news he had brought from the Holy Land, and particularly that which concerned the Knight of Ivanhoe. Wamba presently appeared to urge the same request, observing that a cup after midnight was worth three after curfew. Without disputing a maxim urged by such grave authority, the Palmer thanked them for their courtesy, but observed that he had included in his religious vow an obligation never to speak in the kitchen on matters which were prohibited in the hall. "That vow," said Wamba to the cup-bearer, "would scarce suit a serving-man."

"Good-night, and Our Lady's benison," said the Palmer, with composure; and his guide moved forward.

In a small antechamber, into which several doors opened, and which was lighted by a small iron lamp, they met a second interruption from the waiting-maid of Rowena, who, saying in a tone of authority that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of Anwold, and, bidding him await her return, made a sign to the Palmer to follow. Apparently he did not think it proper to decline this invitation as he had done the former; for, though his gesture indicated some surprise at the summons, he obeyed it without answer or remonstrance.

A short passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of which was composed of a solid beam of oak, led him to the apartment of the Lady Rowena, the rude magnificence of which corresponded to the respect which was paid to her by the lord of the mansion. The walls were covered with embroidered hangings, on which different-coloured silks, interwoven with gold and silver threads, had been employed with all the art of which the age was capable, to represent the sports of hunting and hawking. The bed was adorned with the same rich tapestry, and surrounded with curtains dyed with purple. The seats had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was accommodated with a footstool of ivory, curiously carved.

No fewer than four silver candelabras, holding great waxen torches, served to illuminate this apartment. Yet let not modern beauty envy the magnificence of a Saxon princess. The walls of the apartment were so ill finished

and so full of crevices that the rich hangings shook in the night blast, and, in despite of a sort of screen intended to protect them from the wind, the flame of the torches streamed sideways into the air, like the unfurled pennon of a chieftain. Magnificence there was, with some rude attempt at taste; but of comfort there was little, and, being unknown, it was unmissed.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her attendants standing at her back, and arranging her hair ere she lay down to rest, was seated in the sort of throne already mentioned, and looked as if born to exact general homage. The Pilgrim acknowledged her claim to it by a low genuflection.

"Rise Palmer," said she, graciously. "The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth, and honour manhood." She then said to her train, "Retire, excepting only Elgitha; I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment, retired to its further extremity, and sat down on a small bench against the wall, where they remained mute as statues, though at such a distance that their whispers could not have interrupted the conversation of their mistress.

"Pilgrim," said the lady after a moment's pause, during which she seemed uncertain how to address him, "you this night mentioned a name — I mean," she said, with a degree of effort, "the name of Ivanhoe, in the halls where by nature and kindred it should have sounded most acceptably; and yet, such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose hearts must have throbbed at the sound, I, only, dare ask

you where, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke? We heard that, having remained in Palestine on account of his impaired health, after the departure of the English army, he had experienced the persecution of the French faction, to whom the Templars are known to be attached."

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered the Palmer, with a troubled voice. "I would I knew him better since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He hath, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I what is his chance of happiness."

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply, and asked more particularly when the Knight of Ivanhoe might be expected in his native country, and whether he would not be exposed to great dangers by the road. On the first point, the Palmer professed ignorance; on the second, he said that the voyage might be safely made by the way of Venice and Genoa, and from thence through France to England. "Ivanhoe," he said, "was so well acquainted with the language and manners of the French, that there was no fear of his incurring any hazard during that part of his travels."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "he were here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching tourney, in which the chivalry of this land are expected to display their address and valour. Should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is like to hear evil tidings when he reaches England. How looked he, stranger,

when you last saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy upon his strength and comeliness?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and thinner, than when he came from Cyprus in the train of Cœur-de-Lion, and care seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached not his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to clear those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood. Maidens," she said, "draw near — offer the sleeping cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the maidens presented a silver cup, containing a rich mixture of wine and spice, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a low obeisance, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this alms, friend," continued the lady, offering a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful travail, and of the shrines thou hast visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Edwina out of the apartment.

In the anteroom he found his attendant Anwold, who, taking the torch from the hand of the waiting-maid, conducted him with more haste than ceremony to an exterior and ignoble part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping places to the lower order of domestics, and to strangers of mean degree.

II. IVANHOE AND ISAAC OF YORK

At dawn the palmer awakens Isaac the Jew and offers to guide him from the house so that he may escape the Templar Bois-Guilbert, who plans to seize the Jew and possess himself of his wealth. Isaac is overwhelmed by terror and begs the palmer to hasten.

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place — follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader is apprised, was occupied by Gurth the swineherd. — "Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim, "arise quickly. Undo the postern gate, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held so mean, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Eumæus in Ithaca, was offended at the familiar and commanding tone assumed by the Palmer. "The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow, and looking superciliously at him without quitting his pallet, "and travelling in company with the Palmer to boot —" "I should as soon have dreamt," said Wamba, who entered the apartment at the instant, "of his stealing away with a gammon of bacon."

"Nevertheless," said Gurth, again laying down his head on the wooden log which served him for a pillow, "both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate — we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware — thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern — thou shalt know more anon."

With hasty alacrity Gurth obeyed him, while Wamba and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the swineherd's demeanour.

"My mule, my mule!" said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Pilgrim; "and, hearest thou, — let me have another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts. I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou" — he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

"I wish I knew," said Wamba, when his comrade's back was turned, "what you Palmers learn in the Holy Land."

"To say our orisons, fool," answered the Pilgrim, "to repent our sins, and to mortify ourselves with fastings, vigils, and long prayers."

"Something more potent than that," answered the Jester; "for when would repentance or prayer make Gurth do a courtesy, or fasting or vigil persuade him to lend you a mule? I trow you might as well have told his favourite black boar of thy vigils and penance, and wouldst have gotten as civil an answer."

"Go to," said the Pilgrim, "thou art but a Saxon fool."

"Thou sayest well," said the Jester; "had I been born a Norman, as I think thou art, I would have had luck on my side, and been next door to a wise man."

At this moment Gurth appeared on the opposite side of the moat with the mules. The travellers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge of only two planks' breadth, the narrowness of which was matched with the straightness of the postern, and with a little wicket in the exterior palisade, which gave access to the forest. No sooner had they reached the mules, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue buckram, which he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment — only a change of raiment." Then getting upon the animal with more alacrity and haste than could have been anticipated from his years, he lost no time in so disposing of the skirts of his gaberdine as to conceal completely from observation the burden which he had thus deposited *en croupe*.

The Pilgrim mounted with more deliberation, reaching, as he departed, his hand to Gurth, who kissed it with the utmost possible veneration. The swineherd stood gazing after the travellers until they were lost under the boughs of the forest path, when he was disturbed from his reverie by the voice of Wamba.

"Knowest thou," said the Jester, "my good friend Gurth, that thou art strangely courteous and most unwontedly pious on this summer morning? I would I were a black prior or a barefoot palmer, to avail myself of thy unwonted

zeal and courtesy — certes, I would make more out of it than a kiss of the hand."

"Thou art no fool thus far, Wamba," answered Gurth, "though thou arguest from appearances, and the wisest of us can do no more. But it is time to look after my charge."

So saying, he turned back to the mansion, attended by the Jester.

Meanwhile the travellers continued to press on their journey with a dispatch which argued the extremity of the Jew's fears, since persons at his age are seldom fond of rapid motion. The Palmer, to whom every path and outlet in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most devious paths, and more than once excited anew the suspicion of the Israelite, that he intended to betray him into some ambuscade of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardoned; for, except perhaps the flying fish, there was no race existing on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. Upon the slightest and most unreasonable pretences, as well as upon accusations the most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury; for Norman, Saxon, Dane, and Briton, however adverse these races were to each other, contended which should look with greatest detestation upon a people whom it was accounted a point of religion to hate, to revile, to despise, to plunder, and to persecute. The kings of the Norman race, and the independent nobles, who followed their example in all acts of tyranny, maintained

against this devoted people a persecution of a more regular, calculated, and self-interested kind. Yet the passive courage inspired by the love of gain induced the Jews to dare the various evils to which they were subjected, in consideration of the immense profits which they were enabled to realize in a country naturally so wealthy as England. In spite of every kind of discouragement, and even of the special court of taxations already mentioned, called the Jews' Exchequer, erected for the very purpose of despoiling and distressing them, the Jews increased, multiplied, and accumulated huge sums, which they transferred from one hand to another by means of bills of exchange — an invention for which commerce is said to be indebted to them, and which enabled them to transfer their wealth from land to land, that when threatened with oppression in one country, their treasure might be secured in another.

On these terms they lived; and their character, influenced accordingly, was watchful, suspicious, and timid — yet obstinate, uncomplying, and skilful in evading the dangers to which they were exposed.

When the travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many devious paths, the Palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority; we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"May the wheels of their chariots be taken off," said the Jew, "like those of the host of Pharaoh, that they may drive heavily! But leave me not, good Pilgrim. Think

but of that fierce and savage Templar, with his Saracen slaves — they will regard neither territory, nor manor, nor lordship."

"Our road," said the Palmer, "should here separate; for it beseems not men of my character and thine to travel together longer than needs must be. Besides, what succour couldst thou have from me, a peaceful Pilgrim, against two armed heathens?"

"O good youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst defend me, and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will requite it — not with money, for money, so help me my Father Abraham, I have none — but —"

"Money and recompense," said the Palmer, interrupting him, "I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can; and, it may be, even in some sort defend thee, since to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarce be accounted unworthy of a Christian. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge."

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Zareth, and find some means of travelling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half an hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town."

The half-hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts; the Pilgrim perhaps disdaining to address the Jew, except in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not presuming to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the

Holy Sepulchre gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense. If among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves and the dungeon of some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this morning's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this, something for thyself. God knows the Jew is poor — yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe — but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is that thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayst thou art poor."

"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed. Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew: "What fiend prompted that guess?" said he, hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one — and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it."

"But consider," said the Palmer, "my character, my dress, my vow."

"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and that the noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in superstitious penance, and walk afoot to visit the graves of dead men."

"Blaspheme not, Jew," said the Pilgrim, sternly.

"Forgive me," said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But there dropped words from you last night and this morning that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Palmer's gown is hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy; give him this scroll. He hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head; ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will

give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament: when it is over, thou wilt return them safely — unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily: "No — no — no — it is impossible — I will not think so. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured — for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not — let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing; if there is usage money, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well! Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly-burly. I speak not for endangering the steed, and coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it."

They parted and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

III. THE TOURNAMENT

The first day of the tournament at Ashby was devoted to contests between single knights. The prize had been won by an unknown contestant who chose to be known simply as the Disinherited Knight. He had unhorsed all his opponents including the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and had chosen as "Queen of Love and Beauty" the Lady Rowena. No one could guess who the unknown knight was, but Isaac of York recognized the horse and armor which he had provided for the Palmer. On the second day the contest is to be between two picked bands, each of fifty knights.

Morning arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the list as a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done

second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armour. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practised by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valour in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and, shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour

in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-ax.

De Bracy and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the

victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music, half-drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-ax at pleasure; but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armour and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take farther share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be stript of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that

posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknightly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favor from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank, a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully marshalled the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious, sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil,

with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words *Laissez aller!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke; the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests; the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses; and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors, of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectator could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, — some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man; some lay stretched on earth, as if never more to rise; some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament; and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping the blood by their scarfs, and endeavouring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging buffets as if honour and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted — "*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!* — For the Temple — For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer — "*Desdichado! Desdichado!*" — which watch-word they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-ax. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a

faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! Fight on — death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion, that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eager-

ness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be over-

powered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Fainéant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the

blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the *chamfron* of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Fainéant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-ax which he wielded, and like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighbouring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armor, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the "Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby."

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Fainéant.* It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and

struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armour, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet, and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honours which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honour which your valour has justly deserved." The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory to the victor, while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed, his whole action since the fight had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus — his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet; but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of form, or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

IV. THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE

Ivanhoe after the tournament was taken in charge by Isaac the Jew and his beautiful daughter, who cared for the wounds of the knight. Isaac and Rebecca, while on their way to York with Ivanhoe, fall in with Cedric and Rowena returning home from the tournament, and the whole party is taken prisoner by an armed band under the leadership of De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert. Rowena falls to De Bracy as his prize, and Rebecca to Bois-Guilbert; and the captives are taken for security to Torquilstone, the neighboring castle of Front de Bœuf. Meantime Gurth and Wamba have gathered Robin Hood and his outlaws for an attack on the castle. They are accompanied by the unknown knight, Le Noir Fainéant, who saved Ivanhoe's life in the tournament and who has been passing a day or two in the company of Robin Hood's men in the forest. Ivanhoe, borne on a litter to the castle, has not been recognized by his enemies, and Rebecca is permitted to nurse the bedridden knight.

A moment of peril is often also a moment of openhearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle

maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected — "Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse — his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of those men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not.

The noise within the castle occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers or directing means of defence while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, — "The quiver rattleth — the glittering spear and the shield — the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go — if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-ax to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain — it is in vain — I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answerd Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden — it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm — it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not — you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft —"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime — do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself,

could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance. God of Zion, protect us! — What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by the flourish of the Norman trum-

pets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant, De Bracy! — Beau-seant! Beau-seant! — Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed, — by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with

their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath — look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife — Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed "He is down! — He is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness — "But no — but no! — the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken — he snatches an ax from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have — they have!" exclaimed Rebecca — "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? — who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering, "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomenly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the outwork is won. Oh, God! — they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle — the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which

they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose ax hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do!* — a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field sable — what may that mean? Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further — but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! — it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize;

since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house — I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action — this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live — the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not — we wish not to live — longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain-glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled — of all the travail and pain you have endured — of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca; "alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb — is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim — are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace, and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprize which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! — why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection — the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight — until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time? — when yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep! — when the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him! And my father! — oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth! What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger? But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavoring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Ivanhoe.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. LADY ROWENA AND THE PALMER. 1. What is the scene? 2. What persons are guests in the house? 3. What invitation does the Palmer decline? 4. What invitation does he accept? 5. Describe the apartment of Lady Rowena. 6. What comforts did it lack? 7. Why is Rowena anxious to learn of Ivanhoe? 8. What news does the Palmer give? 9. Who was Athelstane of Coningsburgh? 10. What places are mentioned by the Palmer?

II. ISAAC OF YORK AND THE PALMER. 1. Who was Gurth? 2. What did he have for a pillow? 3. Why did Gurth refuse to aid the Jew? 4. How was his unwillingness overcome? 5. What do you suppose the Palmer whispered to Gurth? 6. What language did he use? 7. What was Wamba's occupation? 8. What did Isaac take pains to secure behind his saddle? 9. What do you suppose was in the black bag? 10. How were the Jews treated at this time? 11. What was their occupation? 12. How did Isaac return the Palmer's kindness?

III. THE TOURNAMENT. 1. Who were the leading contestants in the tournament? 2. Who was Prince John? 3. Which side did Athelstane choose? Why? 4. Which side did Prince John favor? 5. How did he greet the Lady Rowena? 6. What were the laws for the tourney? 7. If a knight broke the rules how was he punished? 8. Describe the contest. 9. How fared the Disinherited Knight? 10. By whom was he attacked? 11. Who came to his relief? 12. What happened to Bois-Guilbert? 13. Was the tournament well named "gentle and joyous"? 14. What had become of the knight known as the Black Sluggard? 15. Who was named champion? 16. Describe the award of the chaplet by the Queen of Beauty.

IV. THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE. 1. Who is Rebecca? 2. Where are she and Ivanhoe? 3. What noise do they hear? 4. Look up the text that Rebecca quotes (*Job* xxxix, 23). 5. Where does Rebecca take her station? 6. What does she see? 7. What knight led the assault? 8. Describe his combat with Front de Bœuf. 9. How does

Rebecca describe the Black Knight? 10. What does Ivanhoe consider the ideals of chivalry? 11. What does Rebecca think of "glory"? 12. What does she say about her race? 13. Why do you admire Rebecca? 14. Can you guess who the Black Knight was?

The castle was stormed and Ivanhoe and Rowena rescued. Rebecca, however, was borne away by Bois-Guilbert and accused of witchcraft. You will have to read the novel *Ivanhoe* to learn of the further adventures of Rowena and Rebecca, the Black Knight and Ivanhoe.

PERSONS IN THE STORY

Sir Wilfred, Knight of Ivanhoe, at first disguised as a Palmer and later as "The Disinherited Knight."

Cedric, a Saxon thane, father of Ivanhoe.

Wamba, jester of Cedric.

Anwold, an attendant.

Gurth, a swineherd.

Rowena, a Saxon heiress, ward of Cedric, loved by Ivanhoe.

Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a descendant of the Saxon kings, to whom Cedric would wed Rowena.

Le Noir Fainéant (le nwä fā-nā-on′), or the Black Sluggard, an unknown knight of great prowess, whose valor and strength remind you of Richard Cœur de Lion (kẽr de lē-ōn′).

Prince John, ruler of England in the absence of his brother King Richard.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert (brēē-on′ de bwä guēl-bār′), Knight Templar.

Front-de-Bœuf (front de beuf′), a baron to whom Prince John has given Ivanhoe's inheritance.

Malvoisin (măl-vwä-zăn′), a neighboring baron.

De Bracy, a knight.

Isaac of York, a rich Jew.

Rebecca, his beautiful daughter.

Notes: I. **benison,** blessing. **Cœur de Lion,** lion-hearted.

II. **postern,** rear, private entrance. **Eumæus** (ū-mē′us), swineherd of

Ulysses in Ithaca. **gaberdine**, a loose coat worn by Jews in the Middle Ages. ***en croupe***, behind the saddle. ***certes***, certainly. **host of Pharaoh**, see *Exodus* xiv, 25. **Exchequer**, treasury, tax office. **rod of Moses**, see *Exodus* iv, 1–5; xvii, 6. **gramercy**, many thanks.

III. **espouse**, choose. **mace**, a war club with spiked metal head. **tale**, count. ***Laissez aller*** (lās-sāḝ ăl-lā′), let them go. **Beau-seant** (bō-sā-on′), well seeming. **Desdichado** (dās-di-kä′do), disinherited. ***chamfron***, front piece of the horse's head armor.

IV. **En avant** (on avon′), forward. **rescousse** (res-kōōs′), rescue. **derring-do**, desperate courage. **assoilzie**, absolve. **mêlée** (mā-lā′). **Moloch** (mō′lok), a heathen god. **hatchment**, a tablet displaying the coat of arms. **Hereward** (hār′e ward), a Saxon king. **emprize**, fame. **Gideon**, see *Judges* vii. **Maccabæus**, a hero of the Jews in their struggle for independence.

For Study with the Glossary: I. mead, curfew, candelabras, genuflexion, perverse, palmer, pennon, comeliness, obeisance, travail. II. pallet, superciliously, recumbent, anon, orisons, vigil, penance, trow, fanaticism, ambuscade, predominated. III. list, joust, retinue, apathy, doffed, predicament, animosity, springal, cope, warder, forborne, casque, gorget, chaplet. IV. solicitude, buckler, barbican, embrasure, churls, pitch, emprize, sanction, redresser, beseemeth, relaxation, distended, buoyant, caitiff.

Review Questions: 1. Describe the character of Ivanhoe. 2. What generous deeds are done by the persons of the story? 3. What have you learned about a medieval castle? 4. Describe some of the customs and ideals of chivalry. 5. Compare Rowena and Rebecca. 6. What signs do you find that England was badly governed by King John? 7. Make a list of some of the comforts of life which the Middle Ages lacked.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

Edmund Spenser was born twelve years before Shakespeare and seven years before Elizabeth came to the throne of England. His great poem *The Faery Queen* has been the source of delight and inspiration to many later poets. Spenser used some words and spellings that were old in his own time, but in his day spelling was very irregular. You will have little difficulty in reading the poem, however, if you pronounce the words as they are spelt. The stanzas given are from the beginning of the poem.

I

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

But on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word;

But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queene of Faery Lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his heart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a black stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad;
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came

Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
For wasted all their land, and then expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a dwarf did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constraine,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Farie harbour that them seemes, so in they entred ar.

EDMUND SPENSER: *The Faery Queen.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who is introduced in the first stanza? 2. What do we learn about the knight in the second stanza? 3. What did the red cross signify? 4. What does the red cross signify to-day? 5. Who was Gloriana? 6. Against what foe was the knight bound? 7. Who is described in the fourth stanza? 8. Who accompany the lady? 9. What do we learn of the dragon in stanza five? 10. Describe the refuge which the knight and lady found from the storm.

11. In each stanza what lines rhyme with one another? 12. As you read do you see any difference between the effect of one of these Spenserian stanzas and that of a ballad stanza, as in "Sir Patrick Spens"? 13. In the first stanza what words have a different spelling from that in use to-day? 14. In the seventh stanza where should we use the apostrophe? 15. Select several lines that seem to you especially melodious. 16. What other writers lived at the same time as Spenser? 17. Who was queen of England during his lifetime? 18. What do you know of his two friends, Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh? 19. Name as many English poets as you can. 20. Name one or more poems by each.

Notes: I. **pricking**, riding, spurring; **jolly**, gallant; **giusts**, jousts. II. **cheere**, countenance, expression; **ydrad**, dreaded. III. **bond**, bound; **earn**, yearn; **puissance**, power. IV. **wimpled**, pleated; **stole**, veil; **palfrey**, horse. V. **lynage**, lineage; **forwasted**, utterly laid waste; **compeld**, summoned. VI. **needments**, necessities; **lemans**, loved ones, *i.e.*, the earth's; **wight**, person; **shrowd**, shelter; **constrain**, compel, force; **eke**, also. VII. **enforst**, enforced; **yclad**, clothed; **that them seemes**, that seems to them.

DON QUIXOTE

I. DON QUIXOTE PLANS FOR HIS ADVENTURES

The novel *Don Quixote* is the masterpiece of Spanish literature and the first great modern novel. It was written by Miguel de Cervantes (1547–1616) who was the author of various tales and dramas. Its hero, Don Quixote, is pictured as a country gentleman who read romances until his head was turned, and he started out as a knight errant seeking adventures such as he had read of in books of chivalry. Cervantes wrote long after the time of Roland or of Richard the Lion Hearted; and in the topsy-turvy adventures of his knight he ridiculed not true chivalry but the absurdities and extravagancies of the romances of his own time.

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, and an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and marketplace, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the pruning hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. Some will have it his surname

was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject), although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called Quixana. This, however, is of but little importance to our tale; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

You must know then that the above-named gentleman, whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardor and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillage-land to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like: — "The reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted, so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;" or again: — "The high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves." Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted, had he come to life again for that special purpose.

In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books — enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it. He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword, who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments, availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antæus the son of Terra in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because although of the giant breed, which is always arrogant and ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But to have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a Ganelon he would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon: and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honor as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armor and on horseback

in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned, by the might of his arm, Emperor of Trebizond at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner, eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it; that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted onto the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his horse, which was all skin and bones yet surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of

Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him; because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was: for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rosinante, — to his thinking lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself Don Quixote, whence, as has already been said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting however that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul: he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his and to style himself Don Quixote

of La Mancha; whereby he considered he described accurately his origin and country, and did honor to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armor being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself: — "If for my sins or by my good fortune I come across some giant hereabouts, — a common occurrence with knights-errant, — and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady and in a humble, submissive voice say: — 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never-sufficiently-extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure'?"

Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit

to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso — she being of El Toboso — a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

II. THE ARRIVAL AT THE INN

When the don had made these preparations, he found his designs ripe for action and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world that wanted such a deliverer; the more when he considered what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuses to correct, and what duties to discharge.

So one fine morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself from head to foot, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his target, grasped his lance, mounted Rosinante, and from the private door of his back yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see how he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise.

But he had not gone far before a terrible thought alarmed him — a thought that nearly made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind that the honor of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon

him, and, therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to appear in arms against any professed knight: nay, he also considered that if he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armor, and not to adorn his shield with any device till he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valor.

He traveled almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating, which put him into a kind of despair, for he desired nothing more than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigor of his arm.

At last, near the road which he kept, he espied an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discovered a star directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his redemption.

Thereupon hastening toward the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. And as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought, or imagined, was all of a romantic kind and appeared to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn but he fancied it to be a castle fenced with four towers and lofty pinnacles, glittering with silver, together with deep moat, drawbridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopped awhile at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements and sound his trumpet to give

notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that nobody came and that Rosinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanced to the inn door, where, spying two young maidservants, they seemed to him two beautiful damsels or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle.

It happened also at the very moment, that a swineherd, getting together his hogs from the stubble field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote imagined this was the wished-for signal which some dwarf gave to notify his approach. Therefore, with the greatest joy in the world, he rode up to the inn.

The girls, affrighted at the approach of a man cased in iron and armed with a lance and target, were for running into the house; but Don Quixote, perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the pasteboard beaver of his helmet and displaying his withered, dusty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accosted them in this manner: "I beseech ye, ladies, do not fly nor fear the least offense. The order of knighthood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the universe, and least of all to ladies of such high rank as your presence denotes."

They looked earnestly upon him, endeavoring to get a glimpse of his face which his ill-contrived beaver partly hid; but they could not forbear laughing outright, which Don Quixote resented as a great affront.

"Give me leave to tell ye, ladies," cried he, "that modesty and civility are very becoming in the fair sex;

whereas laughter without ground is the highest piece of indiscretion. However," added he, "I do not presume to say this to offend you or incur your displeasure; no, ladies, I assure you I have no other design but to do you service."

This uncommon way of expression, joined to the knight's sorry figure, increased their mirth, which incensed him to such a degree that he might have carried things to an extremity had not the innkeeper luckily appeared at this juncture. He was a man whose burden of fat inclined him to peace and quietness, yet when he observed such a strange disguise of human shape in old armor and on an old horse, he could hardly forbear keeping the ladies company in their laughter; but, having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolved to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly.

"Sir knight," said he, "if your worship be disposed to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be supplied to your mind."

Don Quixote, observing the humility of the governor of the castle — for such the innkeeper and inn seemed to him — "Sir castellan," said he, "the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose."

With that the innkeeper went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who, having not broken his fast that day, dismounted with no small difficulty. He immediately desired the governor — that is, the innkeeper — to take especial care of his steed, assuring him that there was not

a better in the universe; upon which the innkeeper viewed him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said.

However, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armor by the help of the good-natured servants, who had already reconciled themselves to him; but, though they had eased him of his corselet and backplate, they could by no means undo his gorget nor take off his ill-contrived beaver, which he had tied so fast with green ribbons that it was impossible to get it off without cutting them. Now he would by no means permit that, and so was forced to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most amusing sights in the world.

III. FIGHTING THE WINDMILLS

After some adventures Don Quixote returned to his home and there procured further equipment and a squire.

He remained at home fifteen days very quietly, without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions; and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm-laborer, a neighbor of his, an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor), but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because at any moment an adventure might occur, that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the laborer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbor.

Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the host had given him; all which being settled and done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch, longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which he traveled with less discomfort than on the last occasion; for as it was early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, "Your Worship will take care, Señor Knight-Errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I'll be equal to governing it."

To which Don Quixote replied: — "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected

that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee."

"In that case," said Sancho Panza, "if I should become a king by one of those miracles your Worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman, would come to be queen and my children infantes."

"Well, who doubts it?" said Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and that only with God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for he will give her what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province."

"I will not, señor," answered Sancho; "especially as I have a man of such quality for master in your Worship, who will be able to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear."

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves; for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this

is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms; and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your Worship," said Sancho; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstones go."

"It is easy to see," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer, while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rosinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He however was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were; but made at them, shouting, "Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for it is a single knight that attacks you!"

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move; seeing which, Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me."

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such

a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at Rosinante's fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance-point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rosinante fallen with him.

"God bless me!" said Sancho, "did I not tell your Worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head."

"Hush, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that the same magician Friston who carried off my study and books has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, — such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword."

"God order it as he may," said Sancho Panza; and helping him to rise, got him up again on Rosinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road where, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES: *Don Quixote.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Who was Don Quixote? 2. In what village did he live? 3. Cervantes gives several forms for the Don's name after the fashion of some scholarly biographers; of what other classes of writers does he make fun? 4. Who was Aristotle? 5. What have you read of Roland and Roncesvalles? 6. What have you read of Hercules (see SIXTH READER)? 7. Tell the story of the traitor Ganelon. 8. How did the Don prepare for his expedition? 9. What difficulty did he have with his helmet? — a *morion* is a mere headpiece without visor or front. 10. What heroes of romance does the Don admire? 11. What giants are mentioned? 12. Of what other giants have you read? 13. Why did the Don need a lady-love?

II. 1. At what time of year did Don Quixote ride forth? 2. Do you think his armor was comfortable? 3. What was knighthood? 4. For what did the Don mistake the inn? 5. How did he reassure the maids? 6. For whom did the knight mistake the innkeeper? 7. How did he pass the night?

III. 1. Who was Sancho Panza? 2. What induced him to accompany Don Quixote? 3. How did the two start forth? 4. Why was Sancho a little doubtful about being a king? 5. What giants did Don Quixote discover? 6. Does Sancho share his master's brilliant imagination? 7. Describe the knight's attack. 8. The phrase "to fight windmills" has become a proverb; how is it used?

I. **Notes: Don Quixote** (kwĭx'ōt). **olla**, a thick stew with many ingredients. **The Cid** (sĭd), the surname of **Ruy Diaz** (rui dē-ăz'), was the national hero of Spain, and celebrated in many romances as the Conqueror of the Moors. **The Knight of the Burning Sword** was a hero of romance. **Bernardo del Carpio** (bēr-när'dō del kär'pe-o), another national hero; according to one tradition he killed Roland at Roncesvalles (rons-val'). **Antæus** (an-tē'us), a giant wrestler, was invincible as long as he touched the earth (Terra). Hercules lifted him off the earth and crushed him. **Morgante** (mor-gan'te), another fabulous giant, was made a prisoner by

Roland. **Trebizond,** a city on the Black Sea and for two hundred years capital of an empire; what else have you heard about it? **Bucephalus** (bū-sĕf'ā-lus), **Babieca** (ba-bē'ā-sa), were horses, like their masters, famous in romance. **Rosinante** (ro-se-nän'te), first of all old hags. **Amadis** (am'a-dis) **of Gaul,** a hero of a most popular romance, at which Cervantes often pokes fun. **Morion,** the headpiece without the visor. **Caraculian** and **Malindrania** exist only in Don Quixote's fancy. **Dulcinea del Toboso** (dul-sĭn'e-a del to-bō'so), sweetest of Toboso.

II. **appurtenances,** belongings. **castellan,** keeper of a castle. **gorget,** throat-piece. **señor** (sēn'yor). corselet.

III. **Sancho Panza** (san'ko pan'sa). **campo,** plain. **de Montiel** (mon-ti-el'). **Juana Gutierrez** (hu-a'na gu-ti-ār'rez). **Briareus** (bri-ā're-us), according to Greek mythology, a giant with a hundred arms. **Friston,** a creation of the Don's fancy.

For Study with the Glossary: I. lentils, avidity, homespun, hardy habit, conjectures, infatuation, cartels, conceits, requisite. II. redress, espied, pinnacles, target, accosted, beaver. III. patriarch, curate, fluctuations.

Review Questions: We have had four pictures of the age of chivalry: *The Song of Roland,* written in the days of chivalry; "The Red Cross Knight" from the *Faery Queen; Ivanhoe,* the masterly re-creation of the past by a modern writer, and now *Don Quixote,* written just after knights and castles had ceased to have much importance, and ridiculing extravagant romances. Every reader laughs at the absurd mistakes of the Don, but after a time the reader of the novel comes to feel a sympathy for this man who is always sincere and courteous and who meets disappointment with unwavering courage. Cervantes himself wished us to feel a sympathy for the knight's idealism though he showed the ridiculousness of an idealism which could not recognize facts. Sancho, who sees facts without any romance, is still more ridiculous. Perhaps you will sympathize with these lines from Austin Dobson's sonnet on Don Quixote.

Alas! poor Knight! alas! poor soul possest!
Yet, would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,

And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest — were it but a mill.

1. Have you read any other stories of chivalry besides those in this book? any by Tennyson? by Sir Walter Scott? 2. What can you tell about giants in story land? 3. What qualities should a true knight have? 4. Has Don Quixote any of those qualities? 5. Turn to the SIXTH READER (p. 179) and read what is said of the Age of Chivalry. 6. Tell something of the characters and adventures of some of these heroes: Roland, King Arthur, Gareth, Galahad, Richard the Lion Hearted, Ivanhoe, Don Quixote.

Topics for Oral and Written Composition: The Age of Chivalry. True Knighthood. Chivalry To-day. England at the Time of Ivanhoe. Giants and Fairies. My Favorite Knight. Sancho Panza's Account of Fighting the Wind Mills.

Topics for Oral Discussion

1. Is the Age of Chivalry past?
2. There are more heroes now than ever before.
3. Don Quixote deserves our admiration as well as our laughter.
4. Warfare is more brutal to-day than in the time of Ivanhoe.
5. Is Rowena or Rebecca the more interesting heroine?

THE APPRECIATION OF POETRY

In the opening selections in this book we have studied some examples of the chief forms in which literature has been composed. Then we read in the world's masterpieces, looking back through them at the course of civilization, especially in the great peoples of antiquity and in Europe of the Middle Ages. We have been walking beside the great creative minds of the past: Homer, Plato, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Scott.

Now we approach a group of short poems that exemplify the highest calling of literature. They do not primarily seek to tell stories or describe scenes; they seek to interpret the human spirit. Literature has great services to perform in giving information, in recounting deeds and facts, and in expounding ideas; but its peculiar and highest duty is the interpretation of life in ways that elevate and purify our feelings. This is indeed the object and effect of poems like the *Odyssey* or dramas like Shakespeare's, where a crowd of men and women and a host of emotions are revealed. But in the short poem, where the subject is a single feeling, or mood, or aspiration, we are brought closer to the heart of the poet. We are separated from matters of fact and deed; our spirits take flight with the poetry. Our emotions are on the mountain tops. We see the world about us as if from the pure ether whither we have been borne by the wings of the imagination.

This is what we mean when we say a man has poetry in his nature. He has the power of spiritual flight. But the wings of poetry do not soar in a true flight without careful training and direction. The short poem permits a sort of concentration of imaginative effort; but it has definite rules and requirements. The first three poems that follow are sonnets. The sonnet is one of the most precise of poetical forms; it must have just fourteen lines with a particular arrangement of rhymes, yet this form has been used for the expression of the most delicate and the most elevated emotion. Our three sonnets reveal what heights and depths of feeling fourteen lines may express. Shakespeare, whose poetry has explored the whole territory of human emotions, tells us of love that is highest; Milton, stricken with blindness, lifts his spirit undaunted to his Maker; Wordsworth, the poet of nature, finds the sleeping city clothed in the beauty of spirit.

Some of the other poems show the feelings aroused by thoughts of death, some by scenes in nature. From the deck of the ship the poet looks out over the trackless ocean; or from a meadow he watches the lark rising ever higher into the heaven; or in autumn he broods over the golden serenity of earth and sky. These are the scenes which lift the imagination and enable it to carry its message from one heart to another. Yet how skilfully the imagination must work in rhythms and words if the reader's feelings are to be stirred with anything like the same intensity as the poet's. We must be made to feel in the melody of the verse the very roll of the ocean, the enraptured flight of the lark, the

softened color and music of autumn. Then we may share the feelings of Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

The golden rule for the appreciation of poetry is: try to put yourself in the poet's place. Try to see as he saw, feel as he felt, for appreciation is in a real sense creation. The reader's feelings respond to the same suggestions and rise on the same flight as the poet's. Reading aloud is an aid to this appreciation; for poems are written to suit the music of the sympathetic voice. The proper rendering of the sound values of vowels and consonants and a full comprehension of the meaning of the sentences are not more essential to good reading than a sympathy which is not afraid to express itself in tone. Read as if you were the poet speaking. Another way of increasing one's power of appreciation is by memorizing those poems that you like best. As they come to dwell in your mind, their melody will ring in your memory, and their words will often rise unbidden to elevate your thoughts. Our group of poems includes many varieties of feeling and expression. Whoever really cares for any one of these poems has shown the power to lift his feeling. Whoever loves them all has tuned his heart to poetry.

THREE SONNETS

A LOVER'S THOUGHTS

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembr'ed such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;

"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What state of mind is described in the first four lines of Shakespeare's sonnet? What is the meaning of "scope" in line 7, of "state" in line 10. What thought banishes the lover's discontent? Why is the earth called "sullen" in line 12? Explain the metaphor in lines 10–12. What new metaphor appears in lines 13, 14?

2. Note in Milton's sonnet the first two sentences. The principal subject and verb of the first sentence are *I ask*. The principal subject and verb of the second are *Patience replies*. In line 3 to what parable is reference made? Who are said to serve God best?

3. Westminster Bridge is one of the London bridges over the Thames. At what time of day does the poet view the city? What is unusual about the city at this hour? What makes it beautiful?

How many lines are there in each sonnet? How are the rhymes arranged in the last two sonnets? What different arrangement in Shakespeare's sonnet?

JOHN MILTON

When Charles II came to the throne of England in 1660, all of Milton's hopes and efforts seemed to be destroyed. He had been an active supporter of the Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell and had written defending the execution of Charles I. His books were ordered burnt by the common hangman and it was only by the intervention of powerful friends at court that he escaped with his life. Ten years before, he had lost his eyesight.

A man past fifty, poor, infirm, and blind, Milton returned to the purpose of his youth. He had then resolved to write a great poem and had planned to devote all his energies to this purpose. The civil war and the Commonwealth had

MILTON

interrupted this plan; but now with indomitable will he set to work on "Paradise Lost." He composed thirty or forty lines at a time, then dictated them to his daughters or to friendly visitors; and thus the great poem came into existence. It is an epic poem, written in blank verse, and tells of Satan's fall from heaven, of creation, and

> Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat . . .

It was published in 1667, and Milton lived to write "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" before his death in 1674.

He was born in London in 1608, eight years before the death of Shakespeare. He was a beautiful child and early gave such literary promise that his father determined to fit him for a career as a writer. He was very studious and tells us that he rarely left his books before midnight. At Cambridge he was known as the lady of Christ's College, partly perhaps because of his dignity of manner as well as for his beauty of face. While still at Cambridge he was writing Latin and English poems, including the "Ode on the Nativity."

For six years after leaving Cambridge, he lived at home in the village of Horton, some eighteen miles out of London. Here he studied and wrote. "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas" belong to this period. After his mother's death, he obtained his father's consent to make a

trip abroad. He was away over a year, spending most of the time in Italy, where he was received by many scholars and men of letters. At Florence he met the aged Galileo.

For the next twenty years (1588–1608) Milton wrote much prose but little poetry except a few sonnets. It was a time of great events in England. The people had risen against the King, and the Puritans were overthrowing a church which they believed to be worldly and tyrannical. Milton's sympathies were entirely with the Puritan cause, and after the execution of Charles I he became Latin secretary to the Council and a firm supporter of Cromwell.

We sometimes think of the Puritans as opposed to art, but Milton, one of the chief Puritans, was one of the greatest artists. Poetry was for him a fine and noble art, and no man ever prepared himself more studiously and thoroughly for the high calling of a poet. Whether in the quiet days at Horton when he was writing "Comus" and "L'Allegro," or in the stormy activities under the Protectorate when he often wrote as a bitter partisan, or in those last years when his genius triumphed so splendidly over the most distressing circumstances, Milton always impresses us with a feeling of the greatness of the human spirit.

1. Name some great men who were contemporaries of Milton. 2. What changes took place in the government of England during his lifetime? 3. What was there heroic about his life? 4. Which was the more learned scholar, Milton or Shakespeare? 5. Tell what you can about the Puritans. 6. What special interest have they for Americans? 7. What is the subject of "Paradise Lost"?

LEAD THOU ME ON

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

This poem may be compared with the beautiful hymn of faith by Cardinal Newman that preceded it. Both poems use darkness and night as images of our doubts and difficulties that are to be resolved by the light. What are the discouragements that oppress the soldier in the first stanza of Clough's poem? What encouragements are offered in the second stanza? In the third stanza the picture changes from a battle-field — to what? Try to express the thought of the fourth stanza in your own language.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye! —
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

William Wordsworth (1770–1850) is the poet of nature. His first volume of poems *The Lyrical Ballads,* to which Coleridge contributed several, marked a great change in English poetry. Wordsworth wrote about scenes from nature or from humble life because these seemed to him to offer the best sources for moral and spiritual guidance. What he had seen he tried to describe as it had lingered in his mind and given matter for his reflection. He advocated using ordinary words and simple language in poetry. Such poems as "The Solitary Reaper" or the sonnet on "West-

WORDSWORTH

minster Bridge" show how beautifully and simply he could write of spiritual impressions.

Wordsworth spent most of his long life in the Lake country of northern England. It was the home of his boyhood, and there he lived for the last fifty years of his life, at first at a little cottage at Grasmere and later at Rydal Mount. From the beautiful mountains and lakes, and from the sturdy and independent country-folk of the neighborhood came the impressions and experiences that he transformed into poetry full of help and guidance to mankind.

Among the best known of his shorter poems are: "Daffodils," "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower," "She was a Phantom of Delight," "The Solitary Reaper," "Ode to Duty," "The Happy Warrior," "Tintern Abbey."

Review Questions. 1. What is a lyric? Give examples. 2. What poems by Wordsworth have you read? 3. What do you remember of "The Solitary Reaper"? 4. Which of the three poems by Wordsworth in this book do you like the best? Why? 5. When did Wordsworth live? 6. What subjects did he write about? 7. What other poets lived at the same time as he? 8. If you were to write a poem about some scene in nature, what would you choose for a subject?

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill:
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

What is the subject of this poem? What lines suggest the breaking of the waves? What feeling is produced by the slow repetition of the word *break* in the first line? What adjectives in the second line add to this feeling? What objects besides the waves does the poet make us see? What two lines in the third stanza are parallel in thought and feeling to the last two lines of the fourth?

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark, blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan —
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear;

For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

LORD BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Note that the first four stanzas deal with the power of the ocean as opposed to man; the fifth stanza extols the ocean as the image of Eternity; the last stanza speaks of the poet's personal attachment to the ocean. The stanza is the Spenserian stanza of the *Faery Queen*. Compare the two.

1. Is it quite true now to say to the ocean, "The wrecks are all thy deed"? Why? 2. Explain line 6 of stanza 1. 3. What striking images in lines 7 and 8 suggest the insignificance of man? 4. What adjectives in the second stanza add to the feeling of man's helplessness in the presence of the ocean? 5. What are the *oak leviathans* of stanza 3, line 4? 6. If Byron were writing to-day would he describe battle ships in this way? 7. What can you tell of the Spanish Armada which sailed to invade England in 1588 and was destroyed by battle and tempest? 8. When and between what navies was the battle of Trafalgar? Many of the ships which surrendered were destroyed by a storm. What great admiral was killed at Trafalgar? 9. What is the most striking figure of speech in the fourth stanza? 10. What adjectives are applied to the ocean in the fifth stanza? 11. What sudden change in feeling at the beginning of the last stanza? 12. How does Byron's feeling for the ocean differ from Tennyson's in "Break, Break, Break." 13. Since Byron wrote the poem, in what ways has man carried his control beyond the shore?

For Study with the Glossary: Apostrophe, ravage, unknelled, leviathans, arbiter, Trafalgar (trăf-al-gär'), wantoned.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when Night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, — which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream —
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

The skylark dwells in northern Europe and is unknown to most American boys and girls. From an English field you may often watch its flight higher and higher until it is lost to view. Many poets have written of the lark, but Shelley has found the words that seem best to express its flight and song.

1. Why is the lark called a *spirit?* 2. What words in the third stanza repeat this idea? 3. What is the *silver sphere* of the fifth stanza? 4. Explain the entire simile. 5. Explain the simile in the sixth stanza. 6. In the seventh stanza note how exquisitely the images of rainbow and rain are used to suggest the melody. 7. In the next four stanzas there are four comparisons — with a poet, a maiden, a glow-worm, and a rose. Which do you like best? Why? 8. Which two comparisons are with sounds? which with light? which with odor? 9. With l. 11, p. 260, what change in thought is suggested by the first word? 10. Give an example to illustrate the last line of this stanza. 11. In the last three stanzas, in what does Shelley think poetry inferior to the skylark? 12. Recall all the names that Shelley gives the skylark. 13. Which stanza do you like best? 14. Note all the words in the poem which suggest light; such as — *fire, lightning, sun, bright'ning,* etc.

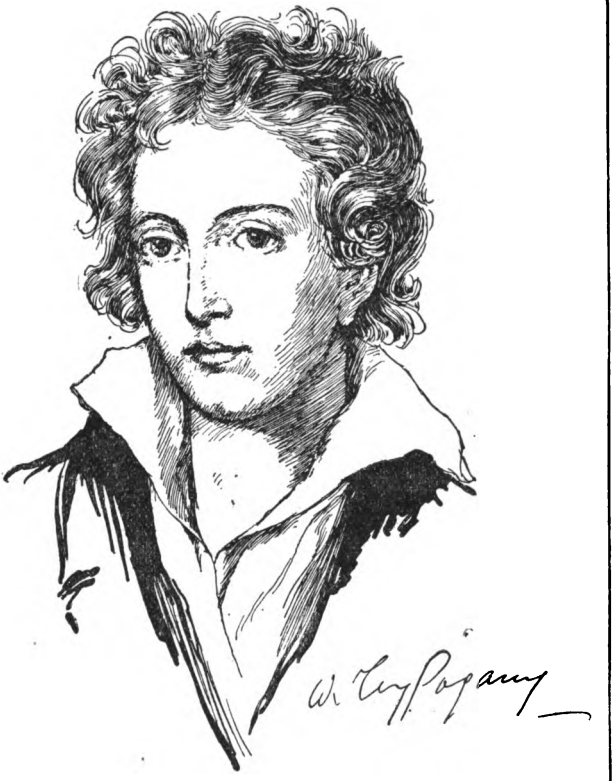
For Study with the Glossary: blithe, profuse, unpremeditated, unbodied joy, rapture, heavy-wingèd thieves, Hymeneal, scattering unbeholden, aërial hue, satiety.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Shelley's life (1792–1822) was animated by a desire to reform the world. He felt most profoundly the evils and tyrannies with which men were bound down, and he had the most ardent faith in the possibility of human nature attaining perfection. As a young man he busied himself with schemes of reform to little effect, but in his poetry he inspired men by his dreams of a better world and a purified humanity.

Born in the early years of the French Revolution and coming to manhood at the height of the Napoleonic wars, it was natural for Shelley to look upon the world as in a state of convulsion and to hope for some sudden dawn of a new and glorious epoch. Of his long poems, "Prometheus Unbound" is the best. It makes Prometheus, the Greek hero who aided mankind against the tyranny of Zeus, become the type of the leader who is to free men from wrong and guide them to happiness under the rule of love. Both here and in many short poems Shelley expresses our aspirations and hopes in magnificent melodies.

Love, beauty, freedom, and the disappointment which such an idealist must always find in actuality, are the themes of his exquisite lyrics. Often he turns from men to find in nature the symbols for the ideals to guide and solace, as in the poem "To a Skylark," or in "The Cloud" or "The West Wind." Shelley's wonderful genius had no chance to develop into maturity, for he was drowned in 1822 while boating off the Italian coast near Pisa.



SHELLEY

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

HELPS TO STUDY

In the first stanza, the words, *mellow, fruitfulness, maturing,* and *ripeness* give the key of the feeling. Note the verbs that add to the impression of plenty — *load, bless, fill, swell, plump.* What growing things are mentioned? What words suggest odors?

In the second stanza how is Autumn pictured? in what four places? In which place and form does Autumn make the most attractive picture? What words in the stanza suggest color?

What beautiful effect of coloring is suggested in the third stanza? Explain the third line; *bloom* is used in the sense of "make bloom." With what are the clouds streaked as by bars? What is the feeling expressed in this poem? Compare it with the feeling in Shelley's "Skylark"; in Byron's "Apostrophe."

Words and Phrases: fume of poppies. (Opium is made from poppies, whose bright red flowers are often to be seen in the grain fields.) Sallows, bourn, croft.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Sir John Moore commanded the English forces in Spain in the fighting against Napoleon. He was killed while superintending the embarkation of his troops from Corunna in 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —

But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our weary task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the poem through. What picture comes to your mind? 2. Explain the third line of the second stanza. 3. What comparison is made in the third stanza? 4. How is this comparison continued in the fifth stanza? 5. In stanza 4, what thought adds to the grief of the mourners? 6. What interrupted the burial? 7. Memorize the last stanza as appropriate for many a soldier. 8. In what way is the poem a monument for Sir John Moore? 9. What impression does it give you of its hero?

CHARLES WOLFE (1791–1823), an Irish clergyman, will be remembered as a poet chiefly by this simple and feeling poem on a soldier's burial.

The next two poems give the feeling of two great poets on the approach of death. Each is very characteristic of its author in feeling and expression. "Prospice" is Latin for Look forward. The poem was written the year after the death of Mrs. Browning, whom Browning addresses as "Thou soul of my soul." "Crossing the Bar" was written near the close of Tennyson's long life, and at his request has been placed last in all collected editions of his poems.

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

STORIES ABOUT YOUNG PEOPLE

We have been studying poems that express the deepest feeling. Now, we turn to a group of stories about boys and girls. Two of these are taken from novels, *Treasure Island* and *Tom Brown at Rugby*, which were written expressly for young people, although they have proved interesting for older readers. The other two are from novels for adults by two great English novelists of the last century, — Dickens and Thackeray.

In the century since *Ivanhoe* was written, the novel has become the most popular form of literature. Of the hundreds of novels that keep the printing presses busy, not many live longer than a few months or at most a few years. Only those that present a true and helpful picture of life are likely to prove interesting for generations.

Two of our stories tell of adventures such as none of you are likely to experience. The first is from *Treasure Island*, a tale of a search for treasure hid by pirates; the second is from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, a story of a little girl's wanderings among some of the strange showmen and entertainers who used to travel about England. The other two selections tell of scenes and persons similar to those with which you are familiar. One tells of two girls leaving boarding school and the other of a boy's last day at his school. Thus our selections illustrate the two chief kinds of fiction: the romantic, which takes us to strange, foreign, or past scenes, and the realistic, which interprets what is familiar and common.

TREASURE ISLAND

This selection is from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, an exciting story of a search for treasure. Jim Hawkins, who tells the story, was the son of a woman who kept a little inn near the coast in England many years ago. They had a queer old sailor as a lodger who seemed to be hiding from some one and who died in their house. While Jim and his mother are searching the lodger's sea-chest, a band of rough men break into the inn, and the boy and Mrs. Hawkins barely escape, she taking with her the sum of money due her for lodging, and Jim taking a little packet he had found in the old sea-chest. When the men find the old sailor dead, they search his chest for this package, but run away as a band of mounted police ride up. They desert their leader, a blind villain, who is trampled to death by the horses, and make good their escape to a boat waiting for them by the shore. With Mr. Dance, the officer in charge, Jim carries his package to a magistrate.

We rode hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark to the front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock, and Dogger gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogger's stirrup-leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit avenue to where the white line of

the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along with him, was admitted at a word into the house.

The servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into a great library, all lined with bookcases and busts upon the top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of a bright fire.

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," says he, very stately and condescending.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

Mr. Dance stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried, "Bravo!" Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And this lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked at it all over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale, he must, of course, be off on his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house, and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in, and put on a side table and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "Jim says he heard these men say something about Flint. You have heard of him, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed.

Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his top-sails with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum puncheon that I sailed with put back — put back, sir, into port at Spain."

"Well, I've heard of him myself," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but for money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this. Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clew to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this. If we have the clew you talk about, I'll fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet." And he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things — a book and a sealed paper.

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice. One was the "Billy Bones his fancy"; then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more rum." "Off Palm Key, he got itt"; and some other snatches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had "got itt," and what "itt" was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.

"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Offe Caraccas"; or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as 62° 17′ 20″, 19° 2′ 40″.

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six

wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones, his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hearted hound's account book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see, he added something clearer. 'Offe Caraccas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her — coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! and the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish money to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like

a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine land-locked harbors, and a hill in the center, marked "The Spyglass." There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three crosses of red ink — two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest, and beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words, — "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information: —

"Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, bearing point to the N. of N.N.E.

"Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

"Ten feet.

"The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

"The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N.

"J. F."

That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. To-morrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time — three weeks! — two weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy. You'll make a famous cabin boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and

Hunter. We'll have favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat — to roll in — to play ducks and drakes with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you; and, I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who's that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn to-night — bold, desperate blades, for sure — and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and, from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Treasure Island.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who was Jim Hawkins? 2. Describe Squire Trelawney. 3. What was the story that Mr. Dance told? 4. How long ago was it that men wore powdered wigs? 5. Why did not Dr. Livesey open the packet at once? 6. Blackbeard was Captain Teach, a famous pirate who wore a huge beard. He was an Englishman born in Bristol. 7. Find Bristol, Trinidad, and Port of Spain on your map. 8. Why does the doctor ask Jim's permission before opening the packet? 9. What did

they find in the packet? 10. What was in the book? 11. How were the crosses and figures in the book explained? by whom? 12. Where is Caracas? 13. Explain Dr. Livesey's phrase "coral long ago." 14. What was in the paper? 15. Describe the map. 16. Explain "tottery characters." 17. How do the squire and the doctor feel about the map? 18. How does the squire show his impatience? 19. How do you play "ducks and drakes" with money? 20. What caution does the doctor give the squire? 21. What opinion have you formed of their two characters?

The voyage in search of the treasure did not prove as simple as the squire imagined. You will find the story full of most exciting adventures in which Jim Hawkins plays a fine part. For a portrait and some account of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, see the FOURTH READER.

For Study with the Glossary: poll, buccaneer, clew, condescending, prodigiously, cache, hummock, incomprehensible, appended, blades.

Review Questions. Read over the plan of analysis suggested for a short story on page 51. This selection from *Treasure Island* is not a complete story but it is one completed incident of a long story. Can you give it a special title? **Who** are the persons of the incident? **What** happens? **Where** does it take place?

What other prose narratives have you read in this book? What narrative poems? What deeds of bravery and daring have been presented. Relate some deed of individual courage in the Great War that would make a good subject for a poem.

IN MRS. JARLEY'S CARAVAN

The Old Curiosity Shop is a novel by Charles Dickens that tells of little Nell, who lived alone with her old grandfather in the queer curiosity shop. Through his mania for gambling he loses his property and is forced to give up the shop. Broken in spirit and childish in mind, he flees from the city with his little grand-daughter and wanders about the countryside. They are pursued by enemies who hope to gain money through the possession of the child; but for a time they find refuge among various odd travelers along the country roads. They fall in with the proprietors of a Punch and Judy show, visit a country fair, and are then given a ride in a caravan by a large fat lady who has been attracted by the beauty of the child and the helplessness of the old man.

When they had travelled slowly forward for some short distance, Nell ventured to steal a look round the caravan and observe it more closely. One half of it — that moiety in which the comfortable proprietress was then seated — was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to accommodate a sleeping-place, constructed after the fashion of a berth on board ship, which was shaded, like the little windows, with fair white curtains, and looked comfortable enough, though by what kind of gymnastic exercise the lady of the caravan ever contrived to get into it, was an unfathomable mystery. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also a closet or larder, several chests, a great pitcher of water, and a few cooking-utensils and articles of crockery. These latter necessaries hung

upon the walls, which, in that portion of the establishment devoted to the lady of the caravan, were ornamented with such gayer and lighter decorations as a triangle and a couple of well-thumbed tambourines.

The lady of the caravan sat at one window in all the pride and poetry of the musical instruments, and little Nell and her grandfather sat at the other in all the humility of the kettle and saucepans, while the machine jogged on and shifted the darkening prospect very slowly. At first the two travellers spoke little, and only in whispers, but as they grew more familiar with the place they ventured to converse with greater freedom, and talked about the country through which they were passing, and the different objects that presented themselves, until the old man fell asleep; which the lady of the caravan observing, invited Nell to come and sit beside her.

"Well, child," she said, "how do you like this way of travelling?"

Nell replied that she thought it was very pleasant indeed, to which the lady assented in the case of people who had their spirits. For herself, she said, she was troubled with a lowness in that respect which required a constant stimulant; though whether the aforesaid stimulant was derived from the suspicious bottle, or from other sources, she did not say.

"That's the happiness of you young people," she continued. "You don't know what it is to be low in your feelings. You always have your appetites too, and what a comfort that is."

Nell thought that she could sometimes dispense with her own appetite very conveniently, and thought, moreover, that there was nothing either in the lady's personal appearance or in her manner of taking tea, to lead to the conclusion that her natural relish for meat and drink had at all failed her. She silently assented, however, as in duty bound, to what the lady had said, and waited until she should speak again.

Instead of speaking, however, she sat looking at the child for a long time in silence, and then getting up, brought out from a corner a large roll of canvas about a yard in width, which she laid upon the floor and spread open with her foot until it nearly reached from one end of the caravan to the other.

"There, child," she said, "read that."

Nell walked down it, and read aloud, in enormous black letters, the inscription, "JARLEY'S WAX-WORK."

"Read it again," said the lady, complacently.

"Jarley's Wax-Work," repeated Nell.

"That's me," said the lady. "I am Mrs. Jarley."

Giving the child an encouraging look, intended to reassure her and let her know, that, although she stood in the presence of the original Jarley, she must not allow herself to be utterly overwhelmed and borne down, the lady of the caravan unfolded another scroll, whereon was the inscription, "One hundred figures the full size of life," and then another scroll, on which was written, "The only stupendous collection of real wax-work in the world," and then several smaller scrolls with such inscriptions as "Now exhibiting

within" — "The genuine and only Jarley" — "Jarley's unrivalled collection" — "Jarley is the delight of the Nobility and Gentry" — "The Royal Family are the patrons of Jarley." When she had exhibited these leviathans of public announcement to the astonished child, she brought forth the specimens of the lesser fry in the shape of hand-bills, some of which were couched in the form of parodies on popular melodies, as "Believe me if all Jarley's wax-work so rare" — "I saw thy show in youthful prime", — "Over the water to Jarley"; while, to consult all tastes, others were composed with a view to the lighter and more facetious spirits, as a parody on the favourite air of "If I had a donkey," beginning

> If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
> To see Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show,
> Do you think I'd acknowledge him
> Oh no, no!
> Then run to Jarley's —

— besides several compositions in prose, purporting to be dialogues between the Emperor of China and an oyster, or the Archbishop of Canterbury and a Dissenter on the subject of church-rates, but all having the same moral, namely, that the reader must make haste to Jarley's, and that children and servants were admitted at half-price. When she had brought all these testimonials of her important position in society to bear upon her young companion, Mrs. Jarley rolled them up, and having put them carefully away, sat down again, and looked at the child in triumph.

"Never go into the company of a filthy Punch any more," said Mrs. Jarley, "after this."

"I never saw any wax-work, ma'am," said Nell. "Is it funnier than Punch?"

"Funnier!" said Mrs. Jarley in a shrill voice. "It is not funny at all."

"Oh!" said Nell, with all possible humility.

"It isn't funny at all," repeated Mrs. Jarley. "It's calm and — what's that word again — critical? — no — classical, that's it — it's calm and classical. No low beatings and knockings about, no jokings and squeakings like your precious Punches, but always the same, with a constantly unchanging air of coldness and gentility; and so like life, that if wax-work only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference. I won't go so far as to say, that, as it is, I've seen wax-work quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-work."

"Is it here, ma'am?" asked Nell, whose curiosity was awakened by this description.

"Is what here, child?"

"The wax-work, ma'am."

"Why bless you, child, what are you thinking of? How could such a collection be here, where you see everything except the inside of one little cupboard and a few boxes? It's gone on in the other wans to the assembly-rooms, and there it'll be exhibited the day after to-morrow. You are going to the same town, and you'll see it I dare say. It's natural to expect that you'll see it, and I've no doubt you

will. I suppose you couldn't stop away if you was to try ever so much."

"I shall not be in the town, I think, ma'am," said the child.

"Not there!" cried Mrs. Jarley. "Then where will you be?"

"I — I — don't quite know. I am not certain."

"You don't mean to say that you're travelling about the country without knowing where you're going to?" said the lady of the caravan. "What curious people you are! What line are you in? You looked to me at the races, child, as if you were quite out of your element, and had got there by accident."

"We were there quite by accident," returned Nell, confused by this abrupt questioning. "We are poor people, ma'am, and are only wandering about. We have nothing to do; — I wish we had."

"You amaze me more and more," said Mrs. Jarley, after remaining for some time as mute as one of her own figures.

"Why, what do you call yourselves? Not beggars."

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know what else we are," returned the child.

"Lord bless me," said the lady of the caravan. "I never heard of such a thing. Who'd have thought it!"

She remained so long silent after this exclamation, that Nell feared she felt her having been induced to bestow her protection and conversation upon one so poor, to be an outrage upon her dignity that nothing could repair. This

persuasion was rather confirmed than otherwise by the tone in which she at length broke silence and said,

"And yet you can read. And write too, I shouldn't wonder?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the child, fearful of giving new offence by the confession.

"Well, and what a thing that is," returned Mrs. Jarley. "I can't."

Nell said "indeed" in a tone which might imply, either that she was reasonably surprised to find the genuine and only Jarley, who was the delight of the Nobility and Gentry and the peculiar pet of the Royal Family, destitute of these familiar arts; or that she presumed so great a lady could scarcely stand in need of such ordinary accomplishments. In whatever way Mrs. Jarley received the response, it did not provoke her to further questioning, or tempt her into any more remarks at the time, for she relapsed into a thoughtful silence, and remained in that state so long that Nell withdrew to the other window and rejoined her grandfather, who was now awake.

At length the lady of the caravan shook off her fit of meditation, and, summoning the driver to come under the window at which she was seated, held a long conversation with him in a low tone of voice, as if she were asking his advice on an important point, and discussing the pros and cons of some very weighty matter. This conference at length concluded, she drew in her head again, and beckoned Nell to approach.

"And the old gentleman too," said Mrs. Jarley; "for

I want to have a word with him. Do you want a good situation for your grand-daughter, master? If you do, I can put her in the way of getting one. What do you say?"

"I can't leave her," answered the old man. "We can't separate. What would become of me without her?"

"I should have thought you were old enough to take care of yourself, if you ever will be," retorted Mrs. Jarley sharply.

"But he never will be," said the child in an earnest whisper. "I fear he never will be again. Pray do not speak harshly to him. We are very thankful to you," she added aloud; "but neither of us could part from the other if all the wealth of the world were halved between us."

Mrs. Jarley was a little disconcerted by this reception of her proposal, and looked at the old man, who tenderly took Nell's hand and detained it in his own, as if she could have very well dispensed with his company or even his earthly existence. After an awkward pause, she thrust her head out of the window again, and had another conference with the driver upon some point on which they did not seem to agree quite so readily as on their former topic of discussion; but they concluded at last, and she addressed the grandfather again.

"If you're really disposed to employ yourself," said Mrs. Jarley, "there would be plenty for you to do in the way of helping to dust the figures, and take the checks, and so forth. What I want your grand-daughter for, is to point 'em out to the company; they would be soon learnt, and she has a way with her that people wouldn't think unpleasant, though she does come after me; for I've been always accustomed

to go round with visitors myself, which I should keep on doing now, only that my spirits make a little ease absolutely necessary. It's not a common offer, bear in mind," said the lady, rising into the tone and manner in which she was accustomed to address her audiences; "it's Jarley's wax-work, remember. The duty's very light and genteel, the company particular select, the exhibition takes place in assembly-rooms, town-halls, large rooms at inns, or auction galleries. There is none of your open-air wagrancy at Jarley's, recollect; there is no tarpaulin and sawdust at Jarley's, remember. Every expectation held out in the handbills is realised to the utmost, and the whole forms an effect of imposing brilliancy hitherto unrivalled in this kingdom. Remember that the price of admission is only sixpence, and that this is an opportunity which may never occur again!"

Descending from the sublime when she had reached this point, to the details of common life, Mrs. Jarley remarked that with reference to salary she could pledge herself to no specific sum until she had sufficiently tested Nell's abilities, and narrowly watched her in the performance of her duties. But board and lodging, both for her and her grandfather, she bound herself to provide, and she furthermore passed her word that the board should always be good in quality, and in quantity plentiful.

Nell and her grandfather consulted together, and while they were so engaged, Mrs. Jarley with her hands behind her walked up and down the caravan, as she had walked after tea on the dull earth, with uncommon dignity and

self-esteem. Nor will this appear so slight a circumstance as to be unworthy of mention, when it is remembered that the caravan was in uneasy motion all the time, and that none but a person of great natural stateliness and acquired grace could have forborne to stagger.

"Now, child?" cried Mrs. Jarley, coming to a halt as Nell turned towards her.

"We are very much obliged to you, ma'am," said Nell, "and thankfully accept your offer."

"And you'll never be sorry for it," returned Mrs. Jarley. "I'm pretty sure of that. So as that's all settled, let us have a bit of supper."

In the meanwhile, the caravan blundered on as if it too had been drinking strong beer and was drowsy, and came at last upon the paved streets of a town which were clear of passengers, and quiet, for it was by this time near midnight, and the townspeople were all abed. As it was too late an hour to repair to the exhibition room, they turned aside into a piece of waste ground that lay just within the old town-gate, and drew up there for the night, near to another caravan, which, notwithstanding that it bore on the lawful panel the great name of Jarley, and was employed besides in conveying from place to place the wax-work which was its country's pride, was designated by a grovelling stamp-office as a "Common Stage Waggon," and numbered too — seven thousand odd hundred — as though its precious freight were mere flour or coals.

This ill-used machine being empty (for it had deposited its burden at the place of exhibition, and lingered here until

its services were again required) was assigned to the old man as his sleeping-place for the night; and within its wooden walls, Nell made him up the best bed she could, from the materials at hand. For herself, she was to sleep in Mrs. Jarley's own travelling carriage, as a signal mark of that lady's favor and confidence.

CHARLES DICKENS: *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where is Nell? 2. How was the interior of the caravan divided? 3. Describe each half. 4. Explain "shifted the darkening prospect very slowly." 5. Of what did the lady of the caravan complain? 6. How did she introduce herself to Nell? 7. What do you learn about "Jarley's Wax-Work"? 8. What does Mrs. Jarley say about her exhibition? 9. How does she mispronounce "vans"? 10. What does she learn about Nell and her grandfather? 11. What proposal does she make to them? 12. What answer does Nell give? 13. Where does the caravan take them? Describe Mrs. Jarley, her appearance, her manners, her talk. 14. Describe little Nell.

15. What else have you read by Charles Dickens? 16. Do you remember any other children in his novels? 17. What can you tell of Tiny Tim (*The Christmas Carol*, see FIFTH READER, p. 269); of David Copperfield (*David Copperfield*, see SIXTH READER, p. 336); of Paul Dombey (*Dombey and Son*); of Pip (*Great Expectations*); of Oliver Twist (*Oliver Twist*)? 18. What signs of Dickens's humor do you see in this selection?

For Study with the Glossary: moiety, unfathomable, triangle (musical instrument), aforesaid stimulant, leviathans, parodies, facetious, purporting, testimonials, destitute, relapsed, disconcerted, forborne, self-abridgement.

FAREWELL TO SCHOOL

This selection is the first chapter of Thackeray's novel *Vanity Fair*, and you will some day find it an absorbing picture of human life. This first chapter gives us a glimpse of a girl's boarding school one hundred years ago and of the two young graduates whose further fortunes the novel is to relate.

While the present century (the nineteenth) was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy-legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognised the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima. "Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady; the Semiramis

of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima; "we have made her a bow-pot."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 'tis more genteel."

"Well, a booky as big almost as a hay-stack; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good — ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's "billet" was to the following effect: —

"The Mall, Chiswick, June 15, 18—.

"Madam, — After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honour and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents,

as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterise the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

"In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realised her friends' *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment and carriage*, so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

"In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honoured by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*, and the patronage of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regards of her mistress, who has the honour to subscribe herself,

"Madam, your most obliged humble servant,

"BARBARA PINKERTON.

"P.S. — Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged, desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible."

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's in the fly-leaf of a Johnson's Dictionary — the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." In

fact, the Lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the Dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. "For Becky Sharp: she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dixonary in the closet, and never venture to take such liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two-and-ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton. And so, venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil, for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough, without conferring upon her at parting the high honour of the Dixonary.

Although schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life who is really deserving of all the praises the stonecutter carves over his bones; who *is* a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife, or husband; who actually *does* leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss; so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then, that the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor. Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady of this singular species; and deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva of a woman could not see, from the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, and embroider beautifully; and spell as well as a Dixonary itself; but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of everybody who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery and the one-eyed tart-woman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall. She had twelve intimate and bosom friends out of the twenty-four young ladies. . . .

As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person; indeed I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine; but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair

of eyes which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humour, except indeed when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often; for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary-bird; or over a mouse that the cat haply had seized upon; or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any persons hard-hearted enough to do so — why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and godlike woman, ceased scolding her after the first time, and though she no more comprehended sensibility than she did Algebra, gave all masters and teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her.

So that when the day of departure came, between her two customs of laughing and crying, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most wofully sad at leaving school. For three days before, little Laura Martin, the orphan, followed her about, like a little dog. She had to make and receive at least fourteen presents — to make fourteen solemn promises of writing every week: "Send my letters under cover to my grandpapa, the Earl of Dexter," said Miss Saltire (who, by the way, was rather shabby); "Never mind the postage, but write every day, you dear darling," said the impetuous and woolly-headed, but generous and affectionate, Miss Swartz; and the orphan, little Laura Martin (who was just in round-hand), took her friend's hand and said, looking up in her face wistfully, "Amelia, when I write to you I shall call you Mamma."

The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer — the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophise, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness, the result of argument; but having the fear of her schoolmistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasions of the visits of parents, and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

"You'll go in and say good-bye to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, and with a perfect accent, "Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux."

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only

directed those who did; but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban), she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good-morning." As the Hammersmith Semiramis spoke she waved one hand, both by way of adieu, and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honour; on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. "Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. "Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them for ever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall — all the dear friends — all the young ladies — the dancing-master who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlour-boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted — that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

Sambo of the bandy-legs slammed the carriage-door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. "Stop!" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

"It's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister — that is, I — Johnson's Dixonary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Good-bye. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!"

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotion.

But lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. "Well, I never, I" — said she — "what an audacious" — Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so, farewell to Chiswick Mall.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: *Vanity Fair.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What do you learn about the school in the first paragraph? 2. Semiramis was queen of Assyria and builder of Babylon. Hammersmith is a suburb of London. Explain "Semiramis of Hammersmith." 3. Who was Doctor Johnson? Mrs. Chapone was a literary lady whose chief work was *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.* She

died in 1801. 4. Can you see any humor in Thackeray's arrangement, Semiramis, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Chapone? 5. What do you learn in the first few paragraphs of Miss Jemima's character? of Miss Barbara's? 6. How does Miss Jemima pronounce *bouquet?* 7. What opinion do you form of Amelia from Miss Pinkerton's letter? 8. What do you learn of the subjects taught at Chiswick Mall? 9. What difference of opinion is shown by the two sisters over a dictionary for Becky Sharp? 10. How did the ladies pronounce "dictionary"? 11. How is Amelia's character described? 12. Of what other pupils in the school do we hear? 13. Describe the parting of Amelia from Miss Pinkerton; that of Becky. 14. How did Miss Jemima show her kindness of heart toward Becky? 15. How did Becky repay this kindness?

Notes: **bow-pot,** an old word for bouquet; **gillyflower** (jil'i-flou-er); **billet,** letter; **orthography,** writing; **backboard,** a strip of wood used to support the back and give erectness to the figure; **lexicographer,** maker of a dictionary; **articled,** bound to work for her board and tuition; **Minerva,** goddess of wisdom; **ebullitions,** outbursts. *Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux,* Mademoiselle, I am come to say good-by.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Thackeray was born in 1811 at Calcutta, India, where his father died five years later. The boy was sent home to England on a ship which touched at St. Helena, where he saw Napoleon, who was reported to be eating three sheep a day and all the little children he could catch. For a time he went to a school at Chiswick, which must have been near that of the Misses Pinkerton; then he was sent to the Charterhouse, where Coleridge and Charles Lamb had been pupils before him. At Cambridge University he was a

THACKERAY

friend of Tennyson and wrote a mock poem on Timbuctoo, the subject for the prize poem by Tennyson.

Thackeray's father had left him a considerable fortune and he spent some time traveling on the continent, living awhile at Weimar, where he was introduced to the venerable Goethe. Then for a number of years he studied art in Paris. Thackeray's fortune had disappeared through unfortunate investments, and he was obliged to work hard for a living, drawing illustrations and writing articles and stories for the magazines. His married life was broken after a few years, as his wife lost her mind, and he was left with the care of his two daughters.

It was at the time of terrible suspense over his wife's health that Thackeray became connected with the newly established humorous journal *Punch*. It was by his papers and amusing drawings for *Punch* that he first won popularity and a comfortable income. *Vanity Fair* in 1848 established his fame as one of the great English novelists, and this was maintained by *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*. *Henry Esmond* gives a picture of the times of Queen Anne and is perhaps the best liked of the four. *Vanity Fair* is a powerful satire of society: it was called "a novel without a hero," but at least it had an adventuress, Becky Sharp, the young woman who threw the dictionary back at Miss Pinkerton.

Thackeray was a huge man, six feet and three inches tall, and both head and heart were in proportion with his body. He was the kindest of fathers and the most sociable and genial of men. He twice visited the United States,

lecturing the first time on the English Humorists, including Swift, Addison, and Goldsmith, and the second time on the Four Georges, of which monarchs Thackeray had as poor an opinion as have Americans. He died in 1863.

TOM BROWN'S LAST DAY AT RUGBY

Tom Brown has spent eight years at Rugby under its famous Dr. Thomas Arnold. His adventures there and his growth in character are told in the capital book for boys and girls, *Tom Brown at Rugby*, from which this selection is taken. Tom has stayed on after his examinations, for the cricket match between the school eleven of which he is captain and the famous Marylebone team from London.

I wish I had space to describe the whole match; how the Captain stumped the next man off a leg-shooter, and bowled slow cobs to old Mr. Aislabie, who came in for the last wicket. How the Lords' men were out by half-past twelve o'clock for ninety-eight runs. How the Captain of the School eleven went in first to give his men pluck, and scored twenty-five in beautiful style; how Rugby was only four behind in the first innings. What a glorious dinner they had in the fourth-form School, and how the cover-point hitter sang the most topping comic songs, and old Mr. Aislabie made the best speeches that ever were heard, afterwards. But I haven't space, that's the fact, and so you must fancy it all, and carry yourselves on to half-past seven o'clock, when the school are again in, with five wickets down and only thirty-two runs to make to win. The Marylebone men played care-

lessly in their second innings, but they are working like horses now to save the match.

There is much healthy, hearty, happy life scattered up and down the close; but the group to which I beg to call your especial attention is there, on the slope of the island, which looks towards the cricket-ground. It consists of three figures; two are seated on a bench, and one on the ground at their feet. The first, a tall, slight, and rather gaunt man, with a bushy eyebrow, and a dry humorous smile, is evidently a clergyman. He is carelessly dressed, and looks rather used up, which isn't much to be wondered at, seeing that he has just finished six weeks of examination work; but there he basks, and spreads himself out in the evening sun, bent on enjoying life, though he doesn't quite know what to do with his arms and legs. Surely it is our friend the young Master, whom we have had glimpses of before, but his face has gained a great deal since we last came across him.

And by his side, in white flannel shirt and trousers, straw hat, the Captain's belt, and the untanned yellow cricket shoes which all the eleven wear, sits a strapping figure, near six feet high, with ruddy tanned face, curly brown hair, and a laughing, dancing eye. He is leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and dandling his favorite bat, with which he has made thirty or forty runs to-day, in his strong brown hands. It is Tom Brown, grown into a young man nineteen years old, and Captain of the eleven, spending his last day as a Rugby boy, and let us hope as much wiser as he is bigger, since we last had the pleasure of coming across him.

And at their feet on the warm dry ground, similarly dressed, sits Arthur, Turkish fashion, with his bat across his knees. He too is no longer a boy, less of a boy in fact than Tom, if one may judge from the thoughtfulness of his face, which is somewhat paler too than one could wish; but his figure, though slight, is well knit and active, and all his old timidity has disappeared, and is replaced by silent quaint fun, with which his face twinkles all over, as he listens to the broken talk between the other two, in which he joins every now and then.

All three are watching the game eagerly and joining in the cheering which follows every good hit. It is pleasing to see the easy friendly footing which the pupils are on with their master, perfectly respectful, yet with no reserve and nothing forced in their intercourse. Tom has clearly abandoned the old theory of "natural enemies" in this case at any rate.

But it is time to listen to what they are saying, and see what we can gather out of it.

"I don't object to your theory," says the master, "and I allow you have made a fair case for yourself. But now, in such books as Aristophanes, for instance, you've been reading a play this half with the Doctor, haven't you?"

"Yes, the Knights," answered Tom.

"Well, I'm sure you would have enjoyed the wonderful humor of it twice as much if you had taken more pains with your scholarship."

"Well, sir, I don't believe any boy in the form enjoyed the sets-to between Cleon and the Sausage-seller more than

I did — eh, Arthur?" said Tom, giving him a stir with his foot.

"Yes, I must say he did," said Arthur. "I think, sir, you've hit upon the wrong book there."

"Not a bit of it," said the master. "Why, in those very passages of arms, how can you thoroughly appreciate them unless you are master of the weapons? and the weapons are the language, which you, Brown, have never half worked at; and so, as I say, you must have lost all the delicate shades of meaning which make the best part of the fun."

"Oh! well played — bravo, Johnson!" shouted Arthur, dropping his bat and clapping furiously, and Tom joined in with a "bravo, Johnson!" which might have been heard at the chapel.

"Eh! what was it? I didn't see," inquired the master; "they only got one run, I thought?"

"No, but such a ball, three-quarters length and coming straight for his leg bail. Nothing but that turn of the wrist could have saved him, and he drew it away to leg for a safe one. Bravo, Johnson!"

"How well they are bowling, though," said Arthur; "they don't mean to be beat, I can see."

"There now," struck in the master, "you see that's just what I have been preaching this half-hour. The delicate play is the true thing. I don't understand cricket, so I don't enjoy those fine draws which you tell me are the best play, though when you or Raggles hit a ball hard away for six I am as delighted as any one. Don't you see the analogy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, looking up roguishly, "I see; only the question remains whether I should have got most good by understanding Greek particles or cricket thoroughly. I'm such a thick, I never should have had time for both."

"I see you are an incorrigible," said the master with a chuckle; "but I refute you by an example. Arthur there has taken in Greek and cricket too."

"Yes, but no thanks to him; Greek came natural to him. Why, when he first came I remember he used to read Herodotus for pleasure as I did Don Quixote, and couldn't have made a false concord if he'd tried ever so hard — and then I looked after his cricket."

"Out! Bailey has given him out — do you see, Tom?" cries Arthur. "How foolish of them to run so hard."

"Well, it can't be helped, he has played very well. Whose turn is it to go in?"

"I don't know; they've got your list in the tent."

"Let's go and see," said Tom, rising; but at this moment Jack Raggles and two or three more came running to the island moat.

"Oh, Brown, mayn't I go in next?" shouts the Swiper.

"Whose name is next on the list?" says the Captain.

"Winter's, and then Arthur's," answers the boy who carries it; "but there are only twenty-six runs to get, and no time to lose. I heard Mr. Aislabie say that the stumps must be drawn at a quarter past eight exactly."

"Oh, do let the Swiper go in," chorus the boys; so Tom yields against his better judgment.

"I dare say now I've lost the match by this nonsense,"

he says, as he sits down again; "they'll be sure to get Jack's wicket in three or four minutes; however, you'll have the chance, sir, of seeing a hard hit or two," adds he, smiling, and turning to the master.

"Come, none of your irony, Brown," answers the master. "I'm beginning to understand the game scientifically. What a noble game it is, too!"

"Isn't it? But it's more than a game. It's an institution," said Tom.

"Yes," said Arthur, "the birthright of British boys old and young, as *habeas corpus* and trial by jury are of British men."

"The discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable, I think," went on the master, "it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may."

"That's very true," said Tom, "and that's why football and cricket, now one comes to think of it, are much better games than fives or hare-and-hounds, or any others where the object is to come in first or to win for one's self, and not that one's side may win."

"And then the Captain of the eleven!" said the master, "what a post is his in our School-world! almost as hard as the Doctor's; requiring skill and gentleness and firmness, and I know not what other rare qualities."

"Which don't he wish he may get!" said Tom, laughing; "at any rate he hasn't got them yet, or he wouldn't have been such a flat to-night as to let Jack Raggles go in out of his turn."

"Ah! the Doctor never would have done that," said Arthur, demurely. "Tom, you've a great deal to learn yet in the art of ruling."

"Well, I wish you'd tell the Doctor so, then, and get him to let me stop till I'm twenty. I don't want to leave, I'm sure."

"What a sight it is," broke in the master, "the Doctor as a ruler! Perhaps ours is the only little corner of the British Empire which is thoroughly, wisely, and strongly ruled just now. I'm more and more thankful every day of my life that I came here to be under him."

"So am I, I'm sure," said Tom; "and more and more sorry that I've got to leave."

Meantime Jack Raggles, with his sleeves tucked up above his great brown elbows, scorning pads and gloves, has presented himself at the wicket; and having run one for a forward drive of Johnson's, is about to receive his first ball. There are only twenty-four runs to make, and four wickets to go down; a winning match if they play decently steady. The ball is a very swift one, and rises fast, catching Jack on the outside of the thigh, and bounding away as if from india-rubber, while they run two for a leg-bye amidst great applause, and shouts from Jack's many admirers. The next ball is a beautifully pitched ball for the outer stump, which the reckless and unfeeling Jack catches hold of, and hits right round to leg for five, while the applause becomes deafening: only seventeen runs to get with four wickets — the game is all but ours!

It is over now, and Jack walks swaggering about his wicket,

with the bat over his shoulder, while Mr. Aislabie holds a short parley with his men. Then the cover-point hitter, that cunning man, goes on to bowl slow twisters. Jack waves his hand triumphantly towards the tent, as much as to say, "See if I don't finish it all off now in three hits."

Alas, my son Jack! the enemy is too old for thee. The first ball of the over Jack steps out and meets, swiping with all his force. If he had only allowed for the twist! but he hasn't, and so the ball goes spinning up straight into the air, as if it would never come down again. Away runs Jack, shouting and trusting to the chapter of accidents, but the bowler runs steadily under it, judging every spin, and calling out "I have it," catches it, and playfully pitches it on to the back of the stalwart Jack, who is departing with a rueful countenance.

"I knew how it would be," says Tom, rising. "Come along, the game's getting very serious."

So they leave the island and go to the tent, and after deep consultation Arthur is sent in, and goes off to the wicket with a last exhortation from Tom to play steady and keep his bat straight. To the suggestions that Winter is the best bat left, Tom only replies, "Arthur is the steadiest, and Johnson will make the runs if the wicket is only kept up."

"I am surprised to see Arthur in the eleven," said the master as they stood together in front of the dense crowd, which was now closing in round the ground.

"Well, I'm not quite sure that he ought to be in for his play," said Tom, "but I couldn't help putting him in. It

will do him so much good, and you can't think what I owe him."

The master smiled. The clock strikes eight, and the whole field becomes fevered with excitement. Arthur, after two narrow escapes, scores one; and Johnson gets the ball. The bowling and fielding are superb, and Johnson's batting worthy the occasion. He makes here a two, and there a one, managing to keep the ball to himself, and Arthur backs up and runs perfectly: only eleven runs to make now, and the crowd scarcely breathe. At last Arthur gets the ball again, and actually drives it forward for two, and feels prouder than when he got the three best prizes, at hearing Tom's shout of joy, "Well played, well played, young un!"

But the next ball is too much for a young hand, and his bails fly different ways. Nine runs to make, and two wickets to go down — it is too much for human nerves.

Before Winter can get in, the omnibus which is to take the Lords' men to the train pulls up at the side of the close, and Mr. Aislabie and Tom consult, and give out that the stumps will be drawn after the next over. And so ends the great match. Winter and Johnson carry out their bats, and, it being a one day's match, the Lords' men are declared the winners, they having scored the most in the first innings.

But such a defeat is a victory: so think Tom and all the School eleven, as they accompany their conquerors to the omnibus, and send them off with three ringing cheers, after Mr. Aislabie has shaken hands all round, saying to Tom, "I must compliment you, sir, on your eleven, and I hope we shall have you for a member if you come up to town."

As Tom and the rest of the eleven were turning back into the close, and everybody was beginning to cry out for another country dance, encouraged by the success of the night before, the young master, who was just leaving the close, stopped him, and asked him to come up to tea at half-past eight, adding, "I won't keep you more than half an hour, and ask Arthur to come up too."

"I'll come up with you directly, if you'll let me," said Tom, "for I feel rather melancholy, and not quite up to the country dance and supper with the rest."

"Do, by all means," said the master; "I'll wait here for you."

So Tom went off to get his boots and things from the tent, to tell Arthur of the invitation, and to speak to his second in command about stopping the dancing and shutting up the close as soon as it grew dusk. Arthur promised to follow as soon as he had had a dance. So Tom handed his things over to the man in charge of the tent, and walked quietly away to the gate where the master was waiting, and the two took their way together up the Hillmorton road.

Of course they found the master's house locked up, and all the servants away in the close, about this time no doubt footing it away on the grass with extreme delight to themselves, and in utter oblivion of the unfortunate bachelor their master, whose one enjoyment in the shape of meals was his "dish of tea" (as our grandmothers called it) in the evening; and the phrase was apt in his case, for he always poured his out into the saucer before drinking. Great was the good man's horror at finding himself shut out of his own house.

Had he been alone, he would have treated it as a matter of course, and would have strolled contentedly up and down his gravel-walk until some one came home; but he was hurt at the stain on his character of host, especially as the guest was a pupil. However, the guest seemed to think it a great joke, and presently, as they poked about round the house, mounted a wall, from which he could reach a passage window: the window, as it turned out, was not bolted, so in another minute Tom was in the house and down at the front door, which he opened from inside.

The master chuckled grimly at this burglarious entry, and insisted on leaving the hall-door and two of the front windows open, to frighten the truants on their return; and then the two set about foraging for tea, in which operation the master was much at fault, having the faintest possible idea of where to find anything, and being moreover wondrously short-sighted; but Tom by a sort of instinct knew the right cupboards in the kitchen and pantry, and soon managed to place on the snuggery table better materials for a meal than had appeared there probably during the reign of his tutor, who was then and there initiated, amongst other things, into the excellence of that mysterious condiment, a dripping-cake. The cake was newly baked, and all rich and flaky; Tom had found it reposing in the cook's private cupboard, awaiting her return; and as a warning to her, they finished it to the last crumb.

The kettle sang away merrily on the hob of the snuggery, for, notwithstanding the time of year, they lighted a fire, throwing both the windows wide open at the same time;

the heap of books and papers were pushed away to the other end of the table, and the great solitary engraving of King's College Chapel over the mantelpiece looked less stiff than usual, as they settled themselves down in the twilight to the serious drinking of tea.

After some talk on the match, and other indifferent subjects, the conversation came naturally back to Tom's approaching departure, over which he began again to make his moan.

"Well, we shall all miss you quite as much as you will miss us," said the master. "You are the Nestor of the School now, are you not?"

"Yes, ever since East left," answered Tom.

"By the bye, have you heard from him?"

"Yes, I had a letter in February, just before he started for India to join his regiment."

"He will make a capital officer."

"Ay, won't he!" said Tom, brightening; "no fellow could handle boys better, and I suppose soldiers are very like boys. And he'll never tell them to go where he won't go himself. No mistake about that — a braver fellow never walked."

Then the good man went on to talk wisely to Tom of the sort of work which he might take up as an undergraduate; and warned him of the prevalent University sins, and explained to him the many and great differences between University and School life; till the twilight changed into darkness, and they heard the truant servants stealing in by the back entrance.

"I wonder where Arthur can be," said Tom at last, looking at his watch; "why, it's nearly half-past nine already."

"Oh, he is comfortably at supper with the eleven, forgetful of his oldest friends," said the master. "Nothing has given me greater pleasure," he went on, "than your friendship for him; it has been the making of you both."

"Of me, at any rate," answered Tom; "I should never have been here now but for him. It was the luckiest chance in the world that sent him to Rugby, and made him my chum."

"Why do you talk of lucky chances?" said the master; "I don't know that there are any such things in the world; at any rate there was neither luck nor chance in that matter."

Tom looked at him inquiringly, and he went on. "Do you remember when the Doctor lectured you and East at the end of one half year, when you had been getting into all sorts of scrapes?"

"Yes, well enough," said Tom, "it was the half year before Arthur came."

"Exactly so," answered the master. "Now, I was with him a few minutes afterwards, and he was in great distress about you two. And, after some talk, we both agreed that you in particular wanted some object in the School beyond games and mischief; for it was quite clear that you never would make the regular school work your first object. And so the Doctor, at the beginning of the next half year, looked out the best of the new boys, and separated you and East, and put the young boy into your study, in the hope that when you had somebody to lean on you, you would begin

to stand a little steadier yourself, and get manliness and thoughtfulness. And I can assure you he has watched the experiment ever since with great satisfaction. Ah! not one of you boys will ever know the anxiety you have given him, or the care with which he has watched over every step in your school lives."

Up to this time, Tom had never wholly given in to, or understood the Doctor. At first he had thoroughly feared him. For some years, as I have tried to show, he had learnt to regard him with love and respect, and to think him a very great and wise and good man. But, as regarded his own position in the school, of which he was no little proud, Tom had no idea of giving any one credit for it but himself; and, truth to tell, was a very self-conceited young gentleman on the subject. He was wont to boast that he had fought his own way fairly up the School, and had never made up to, or been taken up by any big fellow or master, and that it was now quite a different place from what it was when he first came.

It was a new light to him to find, that, besides teaching the sixth, and governing and guiding the whole School, editing classics, and writing histories, the great Head-master had found time in those busy years to watch over the career, even of him, Tom Brown, and his particular friends, — and, no doubt, of fifty other boys at the same time; and all this without taking the least credit to himself, or seeming to know, or let any one else know, that he ever thought particularly of any boy at all.

However, the Doctor's victory was complete from that

moment over Tom Brown at any rate. He gave way at all points, and the enemy marched right over him, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, the land transport corps, and the camp followers. It had taken eight long years to do it, but now it was done thoroughly, and there wasn't a corner of him left which didn't believe in the Doctor. Had he returned to school again, and the Doctor begun the half year by abolishing fagging, and football, and the Saturday half holiday, or all or any of the most cherished school institutions, Tom would have supported him with the blindest faith. And so, after a half confession of his previous shortcomings, and sorrowful adieus to his tutor, from whom he received two beautifully bound volumes of the Doctor's Sermons, as a parting present, he marched down to the Schoolhouse, a hero-worshipper, who would have satisfied the soul of Thomas Carlyle himself.

There he found the eleven at high jinks after supper, Jack Raggles shouting comic songs, and performing feats of strength; and was greeted by a chorus of mingled remonstrance at his desertion, and joy at his reappearance. And falling in with the humor of the evening, he was soon as great a boy as all the rest; and at ten o'clock was chaired round the quadrangle, on one of the hall benches borne aloft by the eleven, shouting in chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," while old Thomas, in a melting mood, and the other Schoolhouse servants, stood looking on.

And the next morning after breakfast he squared up all the cricketing accounts, went round to his tradesmen and other acquaintance, and said his hearty good-bys; and by

twelve o'clock was in the train, and away for London, no longer a schoolboy, and divided in his thoughts between hero-worship, honest regrets over the long stage of his life which was now slipping out of sight behind him, and hopes and resolves for the next stage upon which he was entering with all the confidence of a young traveller.

THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby.*

HELPS TO STUDY

In the FIFTH READER, Everyday Classics, there is a selection from *Tom Brown at Rugby* entitled "Football at Rugby," which gives an account of Tom's first day at school. If you wish to know what happened to him from that day when as a boy of twelve he played in the school match up to the time of this selection, when a young man of nineteen he is about to leave for the university, you must read the novel for yourself.

Cricket is the national game of England as baseball is of the United States. They are both games in which a ball is batted and the batter runs. In cricket instead of bases there are two wickets, between which the batter runs. Each wicket is a set of stakes or stumps set upright, and the bowler throws the ball at the wicket, and the batter must take care that the ball does not hit the wicket, for then he is out. The ball may be batted in any direction and fielders are arranged at various positions to catch flies or return grounders to the wicket keeper. Instead of nine innings as in baseball, there are only two in cricket; and often, as in the match between Marylebone and Rugby, it is impossible to finish both innings in a single day. There are eleven players on a side, and ten must be put out before the side is out. Each batter makes as many runs as he can before his wicket is downed. Six runs is the most that can be made on a hit. With these explanations those who have never seen the game will understand the general meaning though perhaps not all of the special terms in this account.

1. Where is the scene of the story? 2. Who are watching the cricket match? 3. Describe the master; Tom Brown. 4. What is lacking in the master's knowledge of cricket? 5. What is the state of the game when Raggles goes in? 6. What does the master mean when he says, "Come, none of your irony, Brown"? 7. What does Tom mean when he says cricket is an "institution"? 8. What does Tom say in praise of cricket and football? 9. Is this true of baseball? 10. What do they all say in praise of Dr. Arnold? 11. Describe Jack Raggles's experience at bat. 12. How does Arthur fare? 13. How do Tom and the master make their tea? 14. What is said of the friendship between Arthur and Tom? 15. What good do you think Tom has done Arthur? 16. Who arranged for the two to chum together? 17. How does this information affect Tom? 18. What is meant when it is said that "the enemy marched right over him," etc.? 19. What qualities do you learn to admire in Dr. Arnold?

20. Compare cricket and football. 21. Compare Miss Barbara Pinkerton and the master who talks with Tom. 22. Compare the school life at the Misses Pinkerton's and at Rugby. 23. Compare what Amelia Sedley had learned at school with what Arthur had learned. 24. What do you think a boy should learn at school from twelve to nineteen? 25. What should a girl learn from twelve to nineteen?

Notes: stumped, hit the wicket. **cobs**, balls. **cover-point**, one of the fielding positions. **five wickets down**, five men out. **close**, field for games. **island**, a hummock overlooking the cricket field. **Aristophanes**, the Greek comic dramatist. **Knights**, one of his comedies in which Cleon, an Athenian politician, figures. **drew it away to leg**, hit it to one side. **Greek particles**, Greek grammatical forms. **Herodotus**, a Greek historian. **Don Quixote**, what have you read in that novel? **a false concord**, a false rhythm in Greek verse. **Stumps must be drawn**, the wickets taken up, the game ended. **habeas corpus**, the act which insures freedom from imprisonment without a warrant. **trial by jury**, the right of every man to trial before twelve men. **fives**, a game something like hand ball. **over**, six balls bowled, then the bowling changes to the other wicket. **Two for**

a leg bye, two runs on a ball that has hit the batter on the leg and bounded off. **his bails fly**, the cross pieces at the top of the wicket fly off as the ball hits the stump. **carry out their bats**, are not out. **King's College Chapel** at Cambridge University. **half-past nine**, twilight lingers long on English summer evenings. **Nestor**, oldest and wisest of the Greeks before Troy. **fagging**, having the small boys act as fags or servants for the older boys. **Thomas Carlyle**, the great writer who was always preaching hero worship. **a melting mood**, kindly temper.

For Study with the Glossary: topping, gaunt, analogy, leg bail, incorrigible, irony, institution, discipline, demurely, rueful, exhortation, snuggery, hob, condiment.

Review Questions. 1. Name the chief persons in each of the last four selections. 2. Which one of these persons has most interested you? Why? 3. Which of the four selections tells the most exciting story? 4. Which is the most romantic (see page 270)? 5. In which is the moral purpose most emphasized? 6. Give an account of the life of Thackeray. 7. Of the life of Dickens. 8. Of the life of Stevenson.

Topics for Oral and Written Composition. 1. What is the best novel for boys that you have read? 2. What is the best novel for girls? 3. What is the best novel for boys and girls? 4. Should a story teach a lesson. 5. An imaginary conversation between Amelia Sedley and Tom Brown. 6. Miss Barbara Pinkerton takes her girls to Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.

THREE LONG POEMS

No one of the three poems which follow is as long as "Horatius," but each is long enough to present a series of scenes and a variety of ideas. They need to be read with attention to the progress of the story and the sequence of the thought.

The three poems are not alike. The first, "The Prisoner of Chillon," is a narrative based on an actual occurrence. The poem asks us to imagine how a prisoner in the old dungeon would have felt and acted, and stirs us by its story of suffering which we feel to be true. The second poem, "The Forsaken Merman," is also a narrative but it has nothing to do with facts. It tells of a Merman, married to a human, and of their children, and asks us to imagine human feeling and speech in the beautiful caves of the sea. Here you will find the imagination carrying you very far from reality and yet keeping a real hold on your emotions. The third poem, "The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," is a reflective poem. It tells no story but sets forth the reflections on life and death that come to the poet as he wanders about the churchyard.

In all three poems the expression is well-nigh perfect. Each word, rhythm, and picture fits into the whole. Yet, in each there is a different purpose for which the poet is working through his beautiful art.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied; —
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother dropped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,

But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did — my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distressed

To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay:
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined;

He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast

In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laughed — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such Murder's fitting monument!

VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:

But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting Nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear;
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,

I only lived, *I* only drew
The accursèd breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe!
I took that hand which lay so still —
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;

It was not night — it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown —
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud;
Lone — as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,

While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart felt blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a human shape;

And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
  The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,

And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days —
I kept no count, I took no note —
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,

And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are; — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem is based on the experience of François de Bonnivard, a patriot of Geneva, who made an unsuccessful attempt to defend that city against the Duke of Savoy. Byron ascribes the punishment to religious as well as political persecution. The Castle of Chillon was old in the sixteenth century when Bonnivard was imprisoned, and it still stands on the shores of Lake Geneva (Leman).

The poem is divided into fourteen stanzas or sections. After you have read the poem through carefully, look it over by sections, and determine the subject of each section. You will then have a complete plan or outline of the poem.

1. Who is supposed to be speaking? 2. For what reason was he put in prison? 3. How many brothers had he? 4. How many were imprisoned? 5. Where is the Castle of Chillon? 6. Describe the dungeon. 7. Compare the prisoner's two brothers. 8. In section VI what lines impressed you most? 9. Which brother died first? 10. What caused his death? 11. What is the meaning of the next to last line in section VIII? 12. What state of mind is described in section IX? 13. What brought the prisoner back to a fresh interest in life? 14. What change in his condition is described in section XI? 15. How did the prisoner obtain a view of the Alps? 16. What effects of his long imprisonment are shown in the last section? 17. After you have studied the poem, recall the passages that have most affected you. 18. Turn again to three of these. Which are they? 19. Can you give any reasons why they remained vividly in your memory? 20. What other poems by Lord Byron have you read?

Chillon (shē-yon'), François (fran-swä'), Bonnivard (bon-i-vär'), Leman (lā-mon'), banned, Gothic, assuage, boon, guise, inured, hermitage.

LORD BYRON

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824), was a man of great but undisciplined powers. As a boy, he was hot-tempered, vindictive, morbidly sensitive about his lameness, and a little proud of his handsome face. At ten he became the sixth Baron Byron and inherited a bankrupt estate. At twenty-one he left England for a long voyage about the Mediterranean, and three years later on his return to England he published two cantos of *Childe Harold*, a poem dealing with the scenes of his travels. As he himself said, he awoke the next morning to find himself famous.

For the remaining twelve years of his life he was one of

the most talked-about men in the world. He did many things which he afterwards came to regret, his marriage was not a happy one; and many stories were told of his dissipation and extravagance. In 1816 he bade farewell to England forever, and henceforth lived in Switzerland and Italy. During these later years he wrote constantly and rapidly, and with increasing power.

Byron had been born the year before the French people stormed the Bastille prison and began the great Revolution. His youth had seen that Revolution which promised so much for human liberty lead to bloodshed and horror and finally to the rule of Napoleon. By the time Byron was twenty-seven, Napoleon had run his course, had conquered Europe, and in turn had been conquered, and the old kingdoms and tyrannies had been restored. It was then that Byron's poetry rang through all Europe, a cry for liberty and a protest against tyranny of every kind. He attacked society, reviled kings, praised patriots, and sought to express the spirit of human freedom that resents all bonds and shackles whether on body or mind.

In 1823 Byron became interested in the cause of the Greeks, who were struggling for independence from the Turks. He gave money liberally to their cause and finally went to Greece to fight with the patriots. There on his thirty-sixth birthday he wrote of his past failures.

> If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
> The land of honorable death
> Is here: — up to the field, and give
> Away thy breath.

BYRON

Seek out, less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose the ground,
And take thy rest.

Three months later he died stricken with fever. Every lover of poetry and every lover of freedom mourned. Tennyson was then a boy of fifteen. "Byron was dead! I thought the world was at an end," he said long afterward. "I thought everything was over and finished for every one — that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstones."

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go, —
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know, —
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain, —
Surely she will come again!
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!"
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down:
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come, though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay, —
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, merman! here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door:
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side,
And then come back down,
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HELPS TO STUDY

In this poem a merman is supposed to be speaking to his children. His wife Margaret was a human being, and she has left him and her children to return to town and church. He has brought the children up to land, hoping that their mother's love would induce her to return with them to the home beneath the sea. There is deep feeling as well as beautiful verse in this sea fantasy of a deserted home.

1. Who is supposed to be speaking in this poem? 2. Where are the merman and his children when the poem begins? 3. What have they

been doing? 4. Where are they going? 5. What feeling is expressed in the second stanza? 6. Describe the picture that this story brings to your mind. 7. What details do you remember of the picture of the sea home in stanza 4? 8. What gives cclor to the picture? 9. What called Margaret away from the sea home? 10. How did the merman and the children try to bring her back? 11. Describe the picture which you get of Margaret in church (stanza 6). 12. Explain the meaning of seal'd (stanza 6). 13. What things give Margaret pleasure in the town? 14. Why is she not entirely happy? 15. In the eighth stanza what is the feeling expressed? 16. What difference is there in the feeling of the ninth stanza? 17. What words show the continuing love of the merman and the children for Margaret? 18. Select a passage which seems to you the most beautiful picture in the poem.

For Study with the Glossary: spent (used up), spindle, amber, heath.

Matthew Arnold was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the great teacher you have read about in *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Matthew Arnold was a poet of rare quality and one of the chief essayists and critics of his time. You will enjoy his long poem, *Sohrab and Rustum*.

Topics for Oral Composition and Debate

1. The Life of Byron.
2. The Lives of Byron and Shelley Compared.
3. Some Poems of the Sea.
4. Some Poems of the Great War.
5. Is "Horatius" or "The Prisoner of Chillon" the better poem?
6. Is verse or prose the easier to remember?

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade, thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne: —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

HELPS TO STUDY

This poem has remained a universal favorite ever since it was written. Ideas that all must feel in the presence of memorials of death are expressed in verses so perfect that they have become familiar quotations. They have echoed in the memory of many a man as he faced death. On the night before the capture of Quebec as the boats were gliding down the St. Lawrence, General Wolfe repeated the "Elegy" in a low voice to the officers about him. "Gentlemen," he said, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow." On the morrow the brilliant general was to illustrate the truth that

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

An elegy is a poem on death, usually on the death of some person, as the "Lycidas" of Milton and the "Adonais" of Shelley. Here the elegy

concludes with an epitaph on the author himself, but it deals with general reflections on death, as does Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It was composed in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis where Gray's mother was buried, and where his remains were laid beside hers. The stanza is known as the elegiac stanza. It consists of four iambic pentameters (verses of five feet) with alternate rhymes.

The following analysis may aid in the study of the poem. **Stanzas 1–4.** The scene, the churchyard in the gathering twilight, is described. **Stanzas 5–7.** The humble lives of the dead are recalled. **Stanzas 8–11.** These simple lives should not be laughed at by those who have power or ambition, for they too end in the grave. **Stanzas 12–18.** These unknown dead may have had undeveloped powers for greatness in good or in evil. **Stanzas 19–23.** Even these villagers have some memorials, for every one wishes to leave some record behind him. **Stanzas 24–27.** The poet's thought turns to his own death, and he imagines some hoary-headed villager telling of his life and pointing to *The Epitaph* of Gray himself.

Notes and Questions. Page 347. What would you put into a picture to illustrate the scene described in the first four stanzas? What sounds are mentioned in the poem? What words suggest quiet? old age? Notice the use of the consonant *l* in the first stanza; what is the effect? What sounds are mentioned in stanza 5? In what way does this stanza contrast with that preceding? line 17. Why is the morn called **incense-breathing**?

Page 348. What occupations are described in stanzas 6 and 7? In stanza 8 what personifications occur? Which line in the stanza is oftenest quoted? Stanza 9 is one of the best known in the poem; explain the first line. line 17. To whom does **these** refer? lines 19, 20. What place is described in these lines? lines 21–24. Put these into prose. What personifications do you find here?

Page 349. line 2. **pregnant with celestial fire**, kindled with divine inspiration. line 3. **hands** is subject of *are laid*, understood. line 4. **wak'd** is in the same construction as **sway'd** in line 3. lines 5–8. Several words are used in their old or poetic meanings: **unroll**, ancient books were

rolls of parchment; **rage**, enthusiasm, inspiration; **genial**, possessing natural genius. line 9. **Full many a gem**, *etc.*, an often quoted stanza. lines 13, 14. A villager who opposed some bully, or landlord, or other petty tyrant, is compared with John Hampden, one of the leaders of the English revolution against Charles I. lines 15, 16. One who might have been a Milton but never sang; another who might have been a Cromwell, but remained passive, and so escaped responsibility and guilt. lines 17–20. Note that the entire stanza is the object of the verb **forbade** in the first line of the next stanza. lines 21–24. Possible crimes as well as possible glories have been prevented by the lowly circumstances of the dead. **Forbade** (l. 21), **circumscrib'd**, **confin'd**, and **forbade** (l. 23) are in the same construction. They have the same subject; what is it?

Page 350. lines 1–4. **Hide**, **quench**, and **heap** are all infinitives in the same construction as **to wade** in the preceding stanza; what verb do they follow? The thought of the stanza is: Their humble lot prevented them from disregarding their conscience or their natural feelings, and from writing (as some poets have done) flattering verses to the rich and powerful. With this clew, explain the figurative language. line 5. **Far from the madding crowd** was taken by Thomas Hardy as the title of one of his novels. lines 10, 11. What examples have you seen in village graveyards of **uncouth rhymes**? of **shapeless sculptures**? line 22. **Some pious drops**, some affectionate tears. line 24. **wonted**, customary; what does **fires** mean here?

Page 351. line 1. **thee**, the poet himself. line 5. **swain**, poetic term for countryman. lines 6–24. Note the beautiful melody of this description. The pictures suggest the quiet, contemplative life of the poet. line 23. **Thou** implies that the swain could not read, though he certainly could speak very beautifully.

Page 352. line 3. Gray became a great scholar despite his humble birth.

For Study with the Glossary: Gray often uses words in their old or poetic meanings. These and his figures of speech have been commented

upon in the preceding notes; but the following words will repay further study: curfew, lea, droning, moping, glebe, jocund, heraldry, trophies, fretted, vault, storied urn, animated bust, ecstasy, genial, ingenuous, sequestered, uncouth, precincts.

THOMAS GRAY (1716–1771) passed the last thirty years of his life at Cambridge University, reading, studying, writing most interesting letters to his friends, and occasionally composing a poem. One of the best scholars and the best letter writer of his age, he was also its most eminent poet. He declined the poet laureateship in 1757 and he shrank from all publicity; but even in his lifetime the "Elegy" had established his fame.

Review. There follow some famous passages from poems in this book which are often quoted. From what poem was each taken? Select several passages of three or four lines that you like. A vote might be taken to see which are the favorites of the class.

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Of old, forgotten, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow.

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

The short and simple annals of the poor.

The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning.

And then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.

I was ever a fighter; so — one fight more,
The best and the last!

PROSE IN DIFFERENT KEYS

In this book we have read many poems of different kinds. The remainder of the book consists of selections that illustrate some of the different purposes for which prose may be written. Some are humorous and others treat of the most serious subjects. The first is a narrative telling of a skylark's song in Australia. The second is also a narrative telling of some prisoners in a castle; but this narrative is of the kind known as allegory in which the real persons and scenes described represent moral truths and lessons. It is taken from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory of the Christian life, and one of the most famous books in the world.

We next go from the sublime to the ridiculous in the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" by Charles Lamb, one of the most engaging and lovable of humorists. Then we have some adventures with Mr. Pickwick, that most amusing creation of Charles Dickens. After a passage of mingled description and narrative from *Lorna Doone*, we turn to larger themes, to Travel and its lessons as read by the great scientist Darwin, and to Labor and Reading as discussed by Carlyle and Ruskin.

Something of the manifold service of literature may be seen in these selections. It interests us in distant lands, past times, and in men of many sorts. It amuses and delights and teaches. How much amusement and pleasure and instruction literature has offered you in these EVERYDAY CLASSICS! They will close with Ruskin's wise words on what we may learn from the books that are Classics.

A SUNDAY IN AUSTRALIA

It was the month of January; a blazing hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of the morning. The sky was one cope of pure blue, and the southern air crept slowly up, its wings clogged with fragrance.

"Is not this pleasant, Tom? — isn't it sweet?"

"I believe you, George! Snuff the air as we go; it is a thousand English gardens in one."

"Ay, lad! it is very refreshing—and it is Sunday, but in England there would be a little white church out yonder and a spire like an angel's forefinger pointing from grass to heaven, and a tinkle-tinkle from the belfry that would turn all these other sounds and colors and sweet smells holy as well as fair on the Sabbath morn."

Tom laughed and told George he admired the country for these very traits, and asked, "Where are we going, George?"

"Oh, not much farther; only about twelve miles from the camp."

"Where to?"

"To a farmer I know. I am going to show you a lark, Tom."

The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and premises.

"Here we are," cried George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight.

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground around it. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass plot and gravel walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them gold diggers.

Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird. "Well, but what is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh, ay! I see. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hold your cackle," cried one; "he is going to sing."

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, — the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the

spring he sang so well, — a loud sigh from many a rough bosom told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

And these shaggy men had once been white-headed boys, and had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. And so for a moment or two the past shone out in the song-shine. They came back, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days, the cottage, the village church and its simple chimes, the clover field hard by in which he lay and gamboled, while the lark praised God overhead, the chubby playmates, the sweet hours of youth and innocence at home!

CHARLES READE: *It is Never Too Late to Mend.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This selection may be read as a sort of postscript to Shelley's "Skylark." With all of Shelley's imagination, he could scarcely have thought of a skylark in Australia singing to the rough miners of their far-away English home.

1. What kind of weather do they have in Australia in January? 2. To what is a church spire likened? 3. What two meanings has the word *lark*? 4. From where had this lark been brought? 5. Why

is he called an exile? 6. Explain "ancient cadences." 7. What memories did the lark's song bring to the miners?

For Study with the Glossary: cope, squatter (a settler on public land), thatched, cadences, gamboled.

CHARLES READE (1814–1884) was a warm friend of Charles Dickens and himself the author of many novels and plays. *It is Never Too Late to Mend* tells of cruelties practiced in English prisons and of the gold digging life in Australia. The greatest of his novels is *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which reproduces life in Europe in the fifteenth century.

DOUBTING CASTLE

The Pilgrim's Progress is one of the famous books of the world. It has been translated into almost every language and read by persons of all nations and all religions. It is an allegory, — that is, its story has a hidden or double meaning. It tells of the adventures of a hero, Christian, but these represent a human being trying to live as a Christian should. The story of his journey is an allegory of the Christian life. The names given to the persons and places make it easy to understand the meaning of the allegory.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed

on me, by tramping in and lying on my grounds, and, therefore, you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and far from friends and acquaintances. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his advice that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. She asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of offense. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, so that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to mourn under their distress. All that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"

But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shine weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether 'twas best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

Christian. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable: for my part I know not whether is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand? My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?

Hopeful. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than *thus* for ever to abide; but yet let us consider, the Lord of the Country

to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder, no not to another man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And let us consider again, that all the Law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows but that God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die? or that at some time or other he may forget to lock us in? or but he may in short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but however, my Brother, let's be patient, and endure awhile; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers.

With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his Brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive, and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe: But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage,

and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

Hopeful. My Brother, said he, remembrest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let's exercise a little more patience; remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain, nor cage, nor yet of bloody death: wherefore let us bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel: To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away with themselves." Then she said, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and shew them the

bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatch'd, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard and shews them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I saw fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do to you. Go, get you down to your den again"; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their talk about their prisoners, and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will, therefore, search them in the morning."

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this excited speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock

in Doubting Castle." "Then," said Hopeful, "that is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; that lock went hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

JOHN BUNYAN: *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. By whom were Christian and Hopeful made prisoners? 2. How were they in fault? 3. On the first night what advice was given to Giant Despair by his wife? 4. On the second night what advice was offered by Mrs. Diffidence? 5. With what argument did Despair urge them to commit suicide? 6. What discussion did Christian and Hopeful have on the question? 7. Give Hopeful's arguments against suicide. 8. In his second discussion Hopeful recalls some of Christian's former deeds of courage; what were those? 9. How did the prisoners finally make their escape? 10. Compare their escape with that of St. Peter, *Acts* xii. 7–10. 11. Doubting here means doubting God. When men

stay near Doubting Castle, why are they likely to be seized by despair? 12. What do men suffer from despair? 13. To what are men often tempted by despair and diffidence (*i.e.* distrust)? 14. What is the Key of Promise? 15. Where do Christians find promises?

Diffidence (distrust, *i.e.* of others, not in the modern sense, distrust of oneself). **grievous**, very hard, severe. **cudgel**, club. **rating**, scolding. **Vanity Fair**, the name of a place where Christian had been tempted but was victorious. The words are often applied to fashionable or frivolous life; in this sense Thackeray used them as a title for his novel.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688) knew a good deal about prisons, for he spent twelve years of his life in Bedford jail. He was born near Bedford, about fifty miles from London, served as a soldier in the civil war that dethroned Charles I, and worked at his father's trade of a tinker. When in his twenties he became convinced that his life was irreligious, he joined the church and was soon appointed "preacher of the word" for the country about Bedford. As a preacher he was very popular and a powerful influence for good. In 1660, when Charles II came back to England, laws were passed which forbade all religious services except those of the Church of England. Bunyan was arrested and as he refused to promise to give up preaching, was kept in Bedford jail until those harsh laws were repealed in 1672. For him, however, jail was no Doubting Castle, but a place where he could preach with his pen if not with his voice. While there he planned and possibly wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was printed in 1678. It has been read since by men of all creeds as a sincere account of the Christian life and has been the delight of generations of boys and girls because of its vivid story as well as its excellent teaching.

Review Questions. 1. What great poet lived at about the same time as John Bunyan? 2. In what respects were the two alike? 3. What similarity in subject is there between *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress*? 4. Tell the circumstances in which each book was written.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

This selection is presented as from an original manuscript. You will soon see that this solemn-faced introduction gives a pretense of historical accuracy to a very absurd and ridiculous story. Charles Lamb is a great humorist and his humor consists in part in the unexpected words and phrases with which he discourses. From the subject you could scarcely guess at his treatment of it.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder-brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry

ante-diluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!*

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understand-

ing, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig,

father; only taste — O Lord!" — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of

the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the

most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How is this story introduced? 2. Describe Bo-bo's adventure. 3. What had he discovered? 4. Why was Ho-ti horrified? 5. For what were he and his son tried? 6. How was a verdict secured?

Words and Phrases: Page 368. Who was Confucius? Where is Abyssinia? **Mundane Mutations** means "changes in the world." The **golden age** is the fabled age of happiness and peace, supposedly existing before historical times. What does Lamb mean by calling broiling the **elder-brother** of roasting? What different terms are used for the dwelling which could be built "with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two"? **Page 369. a premonitory moistening.** Why are such long words used for a very commonplace occurrence? What is **crackling**? Why is it printed in italics? **Page 370.** Explain **retributory cudgel.** What pleasure did Bo-bo feel that was greater than the pain of the blows? What is meant by **those remote quarters**? **Page 371.** What was the **terrible mystery**? Is there anything absurd about a jury trial in Pekin? **Page 372.** Is there anything absurd about newspaper reporters at this trial? about insurance offices in China? **Locke** was a great English philosopher; what other philosopher has been mentioned in this story?

For Study with the Glossary: dissertation, swineherd, mast, younkers, ante-diluvian, farrowed, premonitory, nether, negligence, booby, crackling, sire, retributory, callous, abominable, despatched, enjoined, assize, obnoxious, simultaneous, iniquity, gridiron, spit, dynasty, culinary, tegument

WITH MR. PICKWICK ON CHRISTMAS

Pickwick Papers is a very amusing novel which tells of the adventures of an elderly dignified gentleman, Mr. Pickwick, together with a number of his friends. With three friends, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Snodgrass, and his servant Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick has gone to the manor house of Mr. Wardle for Christmas. At Mr. Wardle's there is a large company, including the fat boy, two medical students, Mr. Bob Sawyer, and Mr. Ben Allen, and several young ladies, among them Arabella, for whose favor Mr. Winkle and Mr. Bob Sawyer are rivals. Our selection begins on Christmas morning.

"Now," said Mr. Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ye—s; oh! yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I — I — am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I am sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice, and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a skill which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and performed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing feats, to the extreme satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic movements, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his shoes, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show them how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a

demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates, aren't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afered there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for Christmas, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very

singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the bank, "Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing, gave a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on his face.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, "You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding, known as "Knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock on it with the other. It was a good long

slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed!" replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do on the gutters when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went

Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started; to contemplate the joyful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round) it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tup-

man. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when Mr. Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant — for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you — for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary, the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further

relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh! he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Pickwick Papers.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What opinion of Mr. Winkle's skating ability do you form from the opening conversation? 2. What contrast is there between Mr. Winkle's speeches and his actions? 3. How much should a Hindoo know about skates? 4. What opinion do you form of Sam Weller? 5. What mistakes does he make in pronunciation? 6. What is a "ghastly smile"? 7. What service do the medical students urge on Mr. Winkle? 8. What decided opinion does Mr. Pickwick express of his young friend

Winkle? 9. What induces Mr. Pickwick to join in the sport? 10. Describe Mr. Pickwick on the slide. In the description by Dickens what words seem unusual? 11. What does he do with his gloves and handkerchief? 12. After the accident, how does Mr. Tupman distinguish himself? 13. What reliable information does the fat boy offer? 14. Describe Mr. Pickwick's exit. You will be glad to know that he suffered no harm from his ducking, and on the morrow was ready for fresh adventures.

For Study with the Glossary: exquisite (here, extreme), mystic, impetus, Pickwickian (a member of Mr. Pickwick's circle of friends), spasmodic, bleed (let blood, a common practice by old-time doctors), impostor, indefatigable, impetuosity, expedition (speed), imminent, mantled, catastrophe, prodigies, adjuration, extricated.

CHARLES DICKENS is an old friend of readers of the EVERYDAY CLASSICS (see p. 280). Few books have caused as much laughter in the world as *Pickwick Papers*. You will enjoy reading more about the tearful fat boy, the competent and ever-ready Sam Weller, and the worthy Mr. Pickwick. For a more serious Christmas story read Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. A selection from it, "The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner" is given in the FIFTH READER. A life and portrait of Dickens are in the SIXTH READER, page 371.

Review Questions. 1. What selections in this book have seemed humorous to you? 2. What was there amusing about Don Quixote? 3. What is the most amusing book that you have read? 4. With what novelists have you become acquainted in this book? 5. Give an account of the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne; the life of Sir Walter Scott. 6. Name some women novelists.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL

In 1809 were born Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson, and Charles Darwin. In science Darwin's work was of enormous importance, for he showed that the different species of plants and animals were not fixed but changing, in accord with laws of evolution. Those discoveries were set forth in his great book *The Origin of Species*. When twenty-three Darwin went as a naturalist on the frigate *Beagle* which made an extensive voyage around the world. "It was," Darwin said, "by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career." He had opportunities for making many explorations and for collecting specimens of plants and animals. After five years the *Beagle* returned to England, and Darwin published an account of his experiences under the title *A Naturalist's Voyage*. This is not a purely scientific book but a most delightful record of a naturalist's travels.

Among the scenes which are deeply impressed on my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of Life are predominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where Death and Decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature; no one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body.

In calling up images of the past, I find that the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes; yet these plains are pronounced by all wretched and useless. They can be described only by negative characters: without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support merely a few dwarf plants. Why then — and the case is not peculiar to myself — have these arid

wastes taken so firm a hold on my memory? Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression? I can scarcely analyze these feelings; but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely passable, and hence unknown; they bear the stamp of having lasted, as they are now, for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations?

Lastly, of natural scenery, the views from lofty mountains, though certainly in one sense not beautiful, are very memorable. When looking down from the highest crest of the Cordillera, the mind, undisturbed by minute details, was filled with the stupendous dimensions of the surrounding masses.

Of individual objects, perhaps nothing is more certain to create astonishment than the first sight in his native haunt of a barbarian — of man in his lowest and most savage state. One's mind hurries back over past centuries, and then asks: Could our progenitors have been men like these? men whose very signs and expressions are less intelligible to us than those of the domesticated animals; men who do not possess the instinct of those animals, nor yet appear to boast of human reason, or at least of arts consequent on that reason. I do not believe it is possible

to describe or paint the difference between savage and civilized man. It is the difference between a wild and tame animal; and part of the interest in beholding a savage is the same which would lead every one to desire to see the lion in his desert, the tiger tearing his prey in the jungle, or the rhinoceros wandering over the wild plains of Africa.

Among the other most remarkable spectacles which we have beheld may be ranked the Southern Cross, the Cloud of Magellan, and the other constellations of the southern hemisphere — the water-spout — the glacier leading its blue stream of ice, over-hanging the sea in a bold precipice — a lagoon island raised by the reef-building corals — an active volcano — and the overwhelming effects of a violent earthquake. These latter phenomena perhaps possess for me a peculiar interest, from their intimate connection with the geological structure of the world. The earthquake, however, must be to every one a most impressive event: the earth, considered from our earliest childhood as the type of solidity, has oscillated like a thin crust beneath our feet; and in seeing the labored works of man in a moment overthrown, we feel the insignificance of his boasted power.

It has been said that the love of the chase is an inherent delight in man — a relic of an instinctive passion. If so, I am sure the pleasure of living in the open air, with the sky for a roof and the ground for a table, is part of the same feeling; it is the savage returning to his wild and native habits. I always look back to our boat cruises and my land journeys, when through unfrequented countries, with an extreme delight, which no scenes of civilization could

have created. I do not doubt that every traveler must remember the glowing sense of happiness which he experienced when he first breathed in a foreign clime, where the civilized man had seldom or never trod.

There are several other sources of enjoyment in a long voyage which are of a more reasonable nature. The map of the world ceases to be a blank; it becomes a picture full of the most varied and animated figures. Each part assumes its proper dimensions; continents are not looked at in the light of islands, or islands considered as mere specks, which are in truth larger than many kingdoms of Europe. Africa, or North and South America, are well-sounding names, and easily pronounced; but it is not until having sailed for weeks along small portions of their shores that one is thoroughly convinced what vast spaces on our immense world these names imply.

From seeing the present state, it is impossible not to look forward with high expectations to the future progress of nearly an entire hemisphere. The march of improvement consequent on the introduction of Christianity throughout the South Sea probably stands by itself in the records of history. It is the more striking when we remember that only sixty years since, Cook, whose excellent judgment none will dispute, could foresee no prospect of a change. Yet these changes have now been effected by the philanthropic spirit of the British nation.

In the same quarter of the globe Australia is rising, or indeed may be said to have risen, into a grand center of civilization, which at some not very remote period will rule

as empress over the southern hemisphere. It is impossible for an Englishman to behold these distant colonies without a high pride and satisfaction. To hoist the British flag seems to draw with it, as a certain consequence, wealth, prosperity, and civilization.

In conclusion, it appears to me that nothing can be more improving to a young naturalist than a journey in distant countries. It both sharpens and partly allays that want and craving which, as Sir J. Herschel remarks, a man experiences although every corporeal sense be fully satisfied. The excitement from the novelty of objects, and the chance of success, stimulate him to increased activity. Moreover, as a number of isolated facts soon become uninteresting, the habit of comparison leads to generalization. On the other hand, as the traveler stays but a short time in each place, his descriptions must generally consist of mere sketches instead of detailed observations. Hence arises, as I have found to my cost, a constant tendency to fill up the wide gaps of knowledge by inaccurate and superficial hypotheses. But I have too deeply enjoyed the voyage not to recommend any naturalist, — although he must not expect to be so fortunate in his companions as I have been, — to take all chances, and to start, on travels by land if possible, if otherwise on a long voyage. He may feel assured he will meet with no difficulties or dangers, excepting in rare cases, nearly so bad as he beforehand anticipates. In a moral point of view the effect ought to be to teach him good-humored patience, freedom from selfishness, the habit of acting for himself, and of making the best of every occur-

rence. In short, he ought to partake of the characteristic qualities of most sailors. Traveling ought also to teach him distrust; but at the same time he will discover how many truly kind-hearted people there are with whom he never before had, or ever again will have, any further communication, who yet are ready to offer him the most disinterested assistance.

CHARLES DARWIN: *A Naturalist's Voyage.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What two countries does Darwin select as offering most impressive scenes? 2. What striking difference is there between the two? 3. How does he describe the plains of Patagonia? 4. What is the meaning of "negative characteristics"? 5. Locate on your maps the places mentioned. 6. What is said of a view from a lofty mountain? 7. Why is the sight of a savage man interesting? 8. The Southern Cross is a constellation as prominent in the southern hemisphere as is the Great Dipper or Orion in the northern: the Cloud of Magellan looks something like the Milky Way. What other natural specimens does Darwin mention? 9. Can you name any famous volcanoes? any earthquakes? 10. What does Darwin say of the pleasure of living in the open air? 11. If that is an *instinctive* pleasure, what pleasures of travel does he name as more *reasonable?* 12. Where is the South Sea? 13. Who was Captain Cook? 14. What does Darwin think of England's service to the South Sea Islands? to Australia? 15. What advantages has travel for a naturalist? 16. What moral training does travel give?

Proper Names: Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, Cordillera, Australia, Cook (Captain James, a famous voyager and explorer in the Pacific), Sir John Herschel (a great astronomer).

For Study with the Glossary: arid, pampas, haunt, progenitors, consequent, oscillated, philanthropic, allays, corporeal, isolated, generalizations, hypotheses, disinterested.

THE GREAT WINTER

Lorna Doone is a "romance of Exmoor" by Richard Blackmore, but it is imagined as written by John Ridd, the hero of the story and a man of enormous size and strength. This selection begins on the morning after a heavy snowfall, just as John Ridd and several helpers have started out to rescue the sheep. It tells of a characteristic deed of strength by the powerful farmer, and contains some beautiful descriptions of winter scenes.

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickles' men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And here it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the water-courses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used. However, we trudged along in a line, I first, and the other men after me, trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning, certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife and blessings to his children. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it, and the leaden depth of the sky came down like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large, for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March while sowing peas, but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over

his back and ears already, even in the level places, while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways, and so, after a deal of floundering, some laughter, and a little swearing, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere, only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herringbones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But, although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging

with all our might and main, shovelling away at the great white pile, and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft, cold flux, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked, indeed, for the lives of us), and all converging towards the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all, or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said, "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself, you pie-crusts!" and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen, and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other when it comes to lasting out.

But before we began again I laid my head well into the chamber, and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah" coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was, to wit, the most valiant of all the wethers, who had met me when I came home from London, and been so glad to see me. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor, and breath, and the moisture exuding from their wool, had scooped, as it were, a coved room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge. Two or three of the weaklier hoggets were dead, from want of air and from pressure, but more than threescore were as lively as ever, though cramped and stiff for a little while.

"However shall us get 'em home?" John Fry asked in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of them, which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down. "No manner of maning to draive 'un drough all they girt driftnesses."

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment, and the sheep came rubbing round us; "let no more of them out for the present, they are better where they be. Watch, here, boy, keep them!"

Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty, and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow antre. All the sheep sidled away and got closer that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine, whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then, of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig), I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm, and the other beneath

my left, I went straight home to the upper sheppey and set them inside and fastened them. Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey, and the work grew harder each time as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them; I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements, and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me as the struggle grew harder, but rather would I die than yield, and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day, but none can tell what the labor was who have not felt that snow and wind.

Of the sheep upon the mountain, and the sheep upon the western farm, and the cattle on the upper burrows, scarcely one in ten was saved, do what we would for them. And this was not through any neglect (now that our wits were sharpened), but from the pure impossibility of finding them at all. That great snow never ceased a moment for three days and nights, and then, when all the earth was filled, and the topmost hedges were unseen, and the trees broke down with weight (wherever the wind had not lightened them), a brilliant sun broke forth and showed the loss of all our customs.

All our house was quite snowed up, except where we had purged a way by dint of constant shovellings. The kitchen was as dark, and darker, than the cider-cellar, and long lines of furrowed scollops ran even up to the chimney-stacks. Several windows fell right inwards through the weight of the snow against them, and the few that stood, bulged in and bent like an old bruised lanthorn. We were obliged to

cook by candle-light, we were forced to read by candle-light; as for baking, we could not do it because the oven was too chill, and a load of faggots only brought a little wet down the sides of it.

For when the sun burst forth at last upon that world of white, what he brought was neither warmth, nor cheer, nor hope of softening, only a clearer shaft of cold from the violet depths of sky. Long-drawn alleys of white haze seemed to lead towards him, yet such as he could not come down, with any warmth remaining. Broad white curtains of the frost-fog looped around the lower sky on the verge of hill and valley and above the laden trees. Only round the sun himself and the spot of heaven he claimed, clustered a bright purple-blue, clear, and calm, and deep.

That night such a frost ensued as we had never dreamed of, neither read in ancient books or histories of Frobisher. The kettle by the fire froze and the crock upon the hearth-cheeks; many men were killed, and cattle rigid in their head-ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound which never I had heard before, neither since have heard (except during that same winter), the sharp yet solemn sound of trees burst open by the frost-blow. Our great walnut lost three branches, and has been dying ever since, though growing meanwhile, as the soul does. And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many score of ash trees. But why should I tell all this? The people who have not seen it (as I have) will only make faces and disbelieve till such another frost comes, which, perhaps, may never be.

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE: *Lorna Doone.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find Exmoor on your map of England. 2. Where were the sheep found? 3. How did the men get to them? 4. What passage shows that John Ridd was an Englishman? 5. What opinion do you form of John Fry? 6. How did Watch show himself a good sheep dog? 7. What great feat of strength and endurance did John Ridd perform? 8. Describe the great frost. 9. Read over again the statements about Description on page 22. 10. Indicate several descriptions in this selection. 11. What is described in the third paragraph? 12. Select the words in this paragraph which suggest motion, as *rolling, curling,* etc. 13. What is likened to a billow? to a cornice? to herringbones? to arrows? 14. Try to describe in your own words the scene pictured in the next to the last paragraph. 15. Compare the descriptions here with those in Whittier's "Snow Bound" (Book Seven).

Notes: leaden depth, heavy gray appearance of the sky; **hurdled,** covered with a frame-work of twigs; **grooving chisel of a wind,** the sharp wind cutting the snow in ridges; **piles of castled fancy,** snowdrifts shaped like imagined castles; **to wit,** namely; **coved,** arched over; **hoggets,** young sheep; "**No manner of maning,**" etc., — there's no way of managing to drive them through those great drifts; **antre,** a cave; **sheppey** (shĕp'ĭ), a sheep-shed; **customs,** familiar sights; **Frobisher** (frō'bĭsh-er), a seeker for the North West passage to India during Elizabeth's reign; **hearth-cheeks,** the projecting side-pieces of the hearth; **head-ropes,** means of fastening cattle to the stalls.

For Study with the Glossary: combing, swirls, cornice, wether, exuding, gamboge, chine, murky, barbs, flux, ells, scut, sidle, burrows, purge, scollops, lanthorn, faggots, crock.

TWO LABORERS

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist;

not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? — These two, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for these lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor, we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas,

was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! — That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?

THOMAS CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who are the two men whom Carlyle honors? 2. In what way is the workingman's hand "the Sceptre of this Planet"? 3. How is the laborer our conscript? 4. For what does the artist labor? 5. What does Carlyle mean by an artist? 6. Can you think of any "peasant saint" — laborer with both hands and mind? 7. In the last paragraph what does Carlyle say of toil? 8. Explain: "we must all toil, or steal." 9. What does Carlyle say of education? 10. What do you think of work? of the man who works with his hands? of the man who works with his mind?

For Study with the Glossary: venerable, cunning virtue, indefeasibly, hardly-entreated, adhesions, indispensable, listeth, cribs, fitful glitterings, brawny, capacity, nescience, imparted.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) was an essayist, biographer, historian, and one of the great moral leaders of the nineteenth century. His parents were poor but noble working people in Scotland who made every sacrifice to send their son to

CARLYLE

Edinburgh University. His mother learned to write in order to answer his letters, and mended his clothes, and sent him food from home. Long after he was famous, he always spent part of his vacation in Scotland driving about with her across the moors and talking things over with her as he had done when a boy.

Carlyle married Jane Welsh, a beautiful and brilliant woman; and they lived for some years in a lonely manor house at Craigenputtock while he was trying to make his way as a writer. Later they established themselves in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, and their home came to be frequented by many of the men of ability in London. Tennyson, Browning, Clough, Huxley, Darwin, Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, and Ruskin were among their friends. Carlyle's talk was like his books, eloquent, vehement, fierce, and tender by turns. Mrs. Carlyle's talk was, like her letters, bright and clever.

Carlyle was one of the first writers to recognize fully that steam had created a new world, but a world which seemed to him crowded with evil. He preached, as in this selection, the gospel of work. The modern world somehow must be organized so that every one would work to advantage, he urged, and he thought that this could best be accomplished by strong leaders or heroes. His lectures on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, his *History of the French Revolution*, his *Sartor Resartus*, and *Past and Present* are among his most read books.

BOOKS AND READING

All books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then, — I do not speak of the bad ones — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; — all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The

newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor in the real sense, to be "read."

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would — the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; — this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest I ate and drank and slept, loved, and

hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written? But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments — ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men, — by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before; — yet, have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen

and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

JOHN RUSKIN: *Sesame and Lilies.*

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900) was a writer on many subjects; among them art, architecture, political economy, education. Like his friend Carlyle, he was greatly interested in the life and welfare of workingmen. He devoted his large private fortune as well as his great abilities as a writer to efforts to make the world better. In this selection, taken from his lectures entitled *Sesame and Lilies*, he is writing on the subject which we have been studying throughout this book — good literature. It is of the Classics, or "books of all time" that he speaks, and he urges us all to cultivate an acquaintance with the kings and queens of literature. That is what the EVERYDAY CLASSICS have tried to do, to make the Classics of literature the everyday companions of the boys and girls of this country.

1. Into what two classes does Ruskin divide all books? 2. What are the good books of the hour? 3. How does the book of all time differ from the book of the hour? 4. How is it made? 5. Would Carlyle have honored the maker of a true book? Why? 6. How can we associate with the great minds of the past? 7. From what great writers have you profited?

For Study with the Glossary: usurp, redundant, conveyance, perpetuate, fain, entrée (on-trā'), aristocracy.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The diacritical marks employed are those used in Webster's New International Dictionary.

An unmarked vowel is a slighted short vowel, usually unaccented.

ā as in fate
ă as in fat
â as in fare
ä as in father

ē as in me
ĕ as in met
ẽ as in her

ī as in bite
ĭ as in bit

ō as in hole
ŏ as in hot
ô as in lost or as in fall

o͞o as in room
o͝o as in foot

ū as in pure
ŭ as in but
û the same as ẽ

d͡ū as in verdure
ŋ (ng) as in think

th as in breathe
t͡ū as in nature

GLOSSARY

abhor (ăb hôr′), to detest.
abominable (a bŏm′ĭ na bl), hateful, unholy.
Abyssinia (ab i sĭn′ i ă), a country of eastern Africa.
accost (ăk kŏst′), to speak to first.
address (ad dress′), skill.
adhesions (ăd hē′ zhŭnz), things that stick), p. 390.
adjuration (ăd jū rā′shŭn), appeal, command.
ægis (ē′jĭs), a shield.
aërial hue (ā ē′rĭ al), airy brightness of color.
aforesaid, before mentioned.
allay (ăl lā′), to make quiet or put at rest.
amber, a yellowish fossil resin found on the seashore, used for ornaments.
ambiguity (ăm bĭ gū′ĭ tў), meaning that is not clear.
ambuscade (ăm′bŭs kād), a place where troops lie hid ready to attack.
analogy (a năl′ ō jў), likeness in some respects between things otherwise different.
animated bust, a lifelike marble portrait of the head and shoulders, p. 348.
animosity (ăn ĭ mŏs′ĭ tў), active hatred.
annals, history.
anon (a nŏn′), at once.
antediluvian (ăn tē dĭ lū′ vĭ an), before the flood.
apathy (ăp′a thў), indifference, listlessness.
Apollyon (a pol′yun), the angel of the bottomless pit (Rev. ix, 11).
apostrophe (a pŏs′trō fē), an address to some one or thing absent or present.
apparition (ăp pa rĭsh′ ŭn), an appearance, a ghost.
appended, added to.
aquamarine (ă kwa ma rēn′) a bluish-green, like sea water.
arbiter (är′bĭ tẽr), one who decides between parties, an umpire.
Arch-Fear, death in person, p. 268.
argent (är′jent), a heraldic term for silver.
arid (ăr′ĭd), dry, barren.
aristocracy (ăr ĭs tŏk′ra cў), a superior or privileged class.
Armada (är mä′ dă), a great fleet sent by Philip II of Spain against England, and defeated in 1588.
armament (är′ma mĕnt), forces equipped for war.
arrears, debts.
articled pupil, a charity pupil, one bound by an agreement, p. 294.
artillery, troops armed with cannon.
assail, to attack.
assemblage, a collection of persons.
assize (ăs sīz′), the session of a court for trial by judge and jury.
assoilize (a soil′īz), to pardon.
assuage (as swāj′), to lessen, to make less painful.
audacious (a dā′ shus), bold, impudent.
audience, a hearing.
avidity (a vĭd′ĭ tў), eager desire.
azure (ăzh′ur), a heraldic term for blue.

bandy-legs, bow legs.
banned, forbidden.
bar, a sand bank obstructing the mouth of a river or harbor.
barbican (bär′ bĭ kăn), a tower defending the entrance to a castle.
barbs, arrows.
bark, see **barque**.
barque (bärk), any small sailing vessel.

barouche (ba rōōsh'), a four-wheeled carriage with falling top and two seats inside.
barriers, the separation between life and death, p. 268.
battlement, a wall or parapet around a castle.
beaver, movable armor for the lower face.
beneficence (bē nĕf'ĭ sens), active goodness.
benign (be nīn'), kind, gentle.
benignant (bē nĭg'nant), kind and gracious.
bereaved (bē rēv'd'), deprived of, made to suffer loss.
beseemeth (bē sēm'eth), becomes, befits.
betimes (bē tīmz'), early, soon.
blades, reckless fellows.
blithe (blīth), gay.
bode, to foreshadow.
booby, dunce, idiot.
boon, a great favor.
bootless cries, useless cries, p. 242.
bourne (bōrn), a bound, a goal.
brawny, muscular.
brunt, the struggle.
buccaneer (bŭk ka neer'), a pirate.
buckler, a shield worn on one arm.
buoyantly (bwoi'ant ly), lightly, cheerfully.
burrows, holes for refuge.

cache (kăsh), a hiding place for valuables.
cadences (kā'dens ĕz), rhythmical changes in melody.
caitiff (kā'tĭf), a vile person.
callous (kăl'lŭs), without feeling, hardened.
candelabras (kăn dē lā' bras), candlesticks having several branches.
cankering (kăng'kĕr ing), consuming, corroding.
capacity, power of receiving and holding ideas.
cartel (căr tĕl'), a written challenge, p. 221.
casque (căsk), a helmet.
catastrophe (ka tăs'trō fē), a sudden disaster.
cavalcade (kăv'al kād), a procession of horsemen.
cavalry, mounted soldiers.
chamois (shăm'mў), a small European antelope.
champaign (shăm pān'), a flat open country.
chaplet, a wreath.
chide, to find fault with.
chine (chīn), backbone.
chivalry, system of knighthood; the ideals of knightly conduct.
circumscribe, to draw a line around, to hem in.
civic slander, injurious false reports about the state.
clammy, moist and sticky.
clew (klū), a hint.
clove, held fast.
combing, rolling over.
comeliness (kŭm'lĭ ness), good looks.
commander, one ranking with a lieutenant colonel in the army.
condiment (kŏn'dĭ ment), seasoning for food.
Confucius (kon fū' shŭs), a celebrated Chinese philosopher, died 478 B.C.
conjectures (con jĕk'tūrz), uncertain opinions, guesses.
conscript, one taken by lot and made to enroll.
consequent, following as a result.
conveyance, carrying from one part to another.
cope (n.) (kōp), a roof.
cope (v.), to match oneself with, to contend against.
Cordillera (kôr dĭl'yā rā), chain or ridge of mountains.
cornice (kôr'nĭs), the molding at the top of a wall or column.
corporeal (kŏr pō'rē al), having a body.
corse, corpse.
counterpart, a duplicate.
crackling, the crisp outside skin of roast pig.
cribs, huts, mean dwellings, p. 391.
crock, an earthen vessel.
croft, a small piece of inclosed land.
croupe (krōōp), the place behind the saddle.

cruse (krōōs), a small flask.
culinary (kū'lĭ nă rў), relating to cookery.
cunning virtue, a knowing power or dexterous skill, p. 390. (Note how much better Carlyle's phrase is than this definition.)
cupids, figures like a beautiful winged boy, personifications of love.
curate (kū'rāt), one who assists the rector of a church.
curfew, an evening bell, signaling to cover the fire and go to bed.

dark terrestrial ball, the earth at night, p. 68.
decrepit (dē krĕp'ĭt), worn by old age.
deflowered, deprived of flowers.
demesne (dē mēn'), a manor house with adjoining land.
demurely (dē mūr'lў), making a show of seriousness.
dense, close, compact.
destitute, lacking, impoverished.
discipline, training for obedience.
disconcerted, confused, abashed.
disinterested, free from selfish motives, not influenced.
dispatch, to put an end to, to finish.
dissertation, an elaborate argumentative essay.
distended (dĭs tĕnd'ed), spread out.
divine (v.), to foretell.
doff (dŏf), to put off.
dole, to distribute.
don, sir, a title in Spain.
Don Quixote (dŏn kē hō'te or don kwiks'ŏt), a Spanish romance by Cervantes.
doublet (dŭb'let), a waistcoat.
dreary mote, the despair that blinded him to outward things, p. 335.
droning, low humming.
dubious (dū'bĭ ŭs), doubtful.
dungeon-dew, the damp air of the dungeon, moldy deposit.
dungeon's spoil, the prey of the dungeon, the prisoner diseased by the prison life,
dupe (dūp), one deceived. [p. 322.
dynasty (dĭ'nas tў), a race of kings of the same family.

ecstasy (ĕks'ta sў), great music, p. 349.
eddy (v.), to whirl.
elegy (ĕl'e jў), a poem dealing with the thought of death.
ells, measures of about 45 inches.
embrasure (ĕm brā'zhūr), an opening in a wall, for cannon.
emprise (ĕm prīz'), an undertaking.
emulate (adj.), eager to excel.
enjoined, ordered, prohibited.
enthralls, the wave holds the battlement in an embrace, p. 326.
entrée (än trā'), freedom of entrance.
ephah (ē'fä), a Hebrew measure, about 9¾ gallons.
espied (ĕs pīd'), saw.
esquire (ĕs kwīr'), an armor-bearer attending a knight.
essentially, necessarily.
ethereal (ē thē'rē al), spiritlike, light and airy.
Euclid (ūk'lĭd), a Greek mathematician whose geometry is still the basis of our textbooks.
exhortation (eks hôr tā'shŭn), urgent advice to good action.
expedition, haste, dispatch.
extricated (ĕks'trĭ kāt ed), set free from difficulties.
exuding (ĕcks ūd'ing), flowing out from.

facetious (fa cē'shŭs), fun-loving.
faggots (făg'ŭts), sticks for fuel.
fain, gladly.
falcon (faw'k'n), a bird trained to pursue other birds.
fanaticism (fa năt'ĭ sĭzm), practice of wild and extravagant notions on religion.
fantasy (făn'ta sў), fancy, imagination.
farrow (n.), new-born pigs.
farrow (v.), to litter, to bring forth pigs.
fen, low land covered with water.
festoon, a garland or wreath hanging in curves.
feud (fūd), strife.
fires, spirits, p. 350.
firmament (fĕr'ma ment), the open sky.
fitful glitterings, gleams now and then.
flood, the rising tide.

fluctuation (flŭk tū ā′ shŭn), changes in movement backward and forward.
fluted swirl, a whirl of water that looks grooved within the whirl.
flux (flŭcks), flowing matter.
forbore, withheld the struggle with death, p. 268.
forborne, past participle of forbear, withheld.
fordone, exhausted.
forsooth, in truth, certainly.
fretted vault, the arched ceiling of a Gothic cathedral, ornamented with carved relief work.
fry, small fish (as contrasted with whales, p. 283).
fuller minstrel, the more joyous poet, p. 18.
fume, odor, vapor.

galliard (găl′yărd), a spirited dance for two, common in sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
gamboge (găm bōōj′), a reddish yellow.
gambol, to frisk.
garish (gâr′ish), showy.
gaunt (gănt), lean, thin.
general, the commander of a body of men not less than a brigade.
general coffers, public treasury.
generalizations, general views of things, including all special cases.
genial, possessing genius, p. 349.
gentian (jĕn′shan), spirit-blue, delicate blue like the flower, gentian.
genuflection (jĕn ū flĕck′shŭn), act of bending the knee.
gibber (gĭb′ber), to talk rapidly and without sense, p. 59.
glacier (glā′shēr), a river of ice slowly moving down a mountain.
glebe (glēb), turf, clods.
gorget (gôr′jet), armor defending the throat and upper part of breast.
Gothic (gŏth′ĭk) belonging to a style of architecture with pointed arches and steep roofs.
gridiron, a grated iron used for broiling.
grievous (grēv′ŭs, not grev i us), atrocious, deserving great blame, p. 130.
grovelling (grŏv′′lĭng), low, insignificant.
guerdon (gûr′dŭn), the reward of the life to come, p. 268.
guise (gīz), shape.
gules (gūlz), a heraldic term for red.
gyves (jīvz), fetters to confine the legs.

hamlet, a little cluster of houses in the country.
harbinger (hăr′bĭn jêr), one who goes before to announce something pleasant.
hardly-entreated, hardly used, p. 390.
hardy habit, a plain and rigorous way of living.
harrow, to torment.
haunt (hănt), a place where one goes frequently.
hazard (hăz′ard), risk, danger.
heath, a place overgrown with heather, which is a low shrub with pink flowers.
heavy-wingèd thieves, the warm winds heavy with rose-scent, p. 259.
Hebrides (hĕb′rĭ dēz), a group of islands west of Scotland.
heraldry, art of recording rights and privileges of noble families, and of showing their coats of arms.
Hercules (hêr′cū lēz).
hermitage, a secluded dwelling.
hind (hīnd), a peasant, a country fellow.
hoary (hōr′ў), whitish.
hob, shelf beside an open fire where things are kept warm.
homespun, cloth made at home.
hook, a sickle, p. 264.
hostage (hŏs′tāj), a person given as pledge until certain conditions are met.
hummock (hŭm′muck), a rounded hillock.
Hyades (hĭ′a dēz), a group of seven stars supposed to indicate rainy weather when they rose with the sun.
hymeneal (hў mĕn ē′al), belonging to a marriage.
hypotheses (hī pŏth′ē sēz), explanations which are not proved true.

ignoble (ĭg-nō′bl), dishonorable, undignified, base.

ill-conditioned, of a bad disposition.
illusion, deception, ghost.
illustrious, distinguished by greatness, famous.
imbibe (ĭm bīb′), to drink in.
imminent (im′mĭ nent), near at hand, threatening.
imparted, made known.
impediment, obstacle, hindrance.
impetuosity (ĭm pĕt ū ŏs′ĭ tў), violent force and haste.
impetus (ĭm′ pē tŭs), force with which a body is driven forward.
impostor (ĭm pŏs′tẽr), one who deceives.
impress (ĭm prĕss′), to take by force for public service.
impute, to charge to.
incense-breathing, breathing out rich perfume.
incomprehensible (in cŏm prē hĕn′sĭ ble), not able to be understood.
incorrigible (in kŏr′ĭ jĭ bl), beyond correction.
indefatigable (ĭn dē făt′ĭ ga bl), unwearying.
indefeasibly (ĭn dē fē′zĭ blў), unquestionably, certainly.
indispensable, absolutely necessary.
infante (in făn′te), a younger son of a Spanish king.
infantry, foot soldiers.
infatuation, extravagant, or unreasoning folly.
infinite (ĭn′fĭ nĭt), boundless.
ingenuous (ĭn jĕn′ū ŭs), noble, frank.
inhale (ĭn hāl′) to breathe in.
inherent (ĭn hēr′ent), inborn.
iniquity (ĭn ĭk′wĭ tў), absence of right, wickedness.
instinctive, prompted by natural impulse, unreasoning.
institution (ĭn stĭ tū′shŭn, not too shŭn), a feature of the school life, an established thing, p. 508.
intimidated, made fearful.
intolerable (ĭn tŏl′ẽr a bl), not to be endured.
inured (ĭn ūrd′), trained to endure, hardened.
involuntarily (in vŏl′ŭn ta rĭ lў), independent of will or choice.
iridescent (ĭr ĭ dĕs′cent), having colors like Iris, the rainbow.
irony (ī′rŭn y), humor in which the meaning is contrary to what is actually said.
isolated (ī′sō lāt ed), separated from others.
issue, children, p. 132.

jocund (jŏk′ŭnd), merry, full of jokes.
joust (jŭst), a mock combat on horseback.
jutting spit, a point of land projecting into the sea, p. 88.

kine, cows.
knight-errant, a knight wandering in search of adventure.

lambent (lăm′bent), playing on the surface, gleaming.
languor (lăng′gwer), exhaustion, listlessness.
lea (lē), a grassy field.
leaded panes (lĕd′ed), panes of glass inclosed in lead strips, p. 343.
lee, a sheltered place.
lees, dregs, sediment of liquor.
legacy (lĕg′a sў), gift by will.
leg bail, flight from capture, p. 306.
lentil (lĕn′tĭl), a small plant of the pea family.
leviathan (lē vĭ′a thăn), a huge sea-animal, a whale. (Job xli.)
libation (lĭ bā′shŭn), an offering of wine poured out to the gods.
liegemen (lēj′men), vassals, subjects.
list, the ground inclosed for a combat.
listeth, chooseth.
living lyre, *i.e.* the lyre (music or poetry) is reanimated.
long-drawn aisle, the long central passage of a Gothic cathedral.
lyric (lĭr′ĭk), originally a song to be sung to the lyre or harp, a poem appropriate for song.

main, the open ocean.
majestic, grand, like a king.
mall (môl), a public walk.
mantle, to spread out, over, p. 380.
marsh's meteor lamp, the firefly, the will-o'-the-wisp, p. 323.

Marylebone (Mā'rē le bōn or mär'lĭ bŭn), a London cricket ground.
mast, nuts from oak or beech trees, acorns.
mead (mēd), fermented drink of water, honey, malt, yeast, etc.
meditate, to dwell upon in thought.
mete (mēt), to measure out.
moat (mōt), a trench around a fortified place.
moiety (moi'ē tў), a half.
moor, a waste place.
moping (mōp'ing), sulking, dull.
mortify, to bring into subjection, p. 172.
murky, dark and gloomy, cloudy.
mutiny (mū'tĭ nў), uprising against authority.
mystic, mysterious, obscure.

negligence (nĕg'lĭ jens), blamable carelessness.
nescience (nĕsh'ens), ignorance.
nether (nĕth'er), under.
never-sufficiently-extolled, never highly enough praised, p. 225.

obeisance (ō bē'sans), a low bow.
obnoxious, offensive.
obscure, unknown, humble.
obvious (ŏb'vĭ ŭs), easily understood.
Odysseus (ō dў's'sūs), one of the heroes of the Trojan War famous for his wanderings, p. 83.
ooze (ooz), slime on the sea bottom.
or (ôr), a heraldic term for gold.
orbs, spherical bodies, planets.
orison (ŏr'ĭ zŭn), a prayer.
oscillated (ŏs'sĭl lāt ed), moved back and forth.
overlaid ripples, one little wave of water laid over another irregularly.

pallet, a small, mean bed.
palmer, one who bore a palm branch as token of his visit to the Holy Land during the Crusades.
pampas (păm'paz), vast grassy plains in Argentina.
parchment, sheepskin prepared for writing on.
parody (păr'ō dy), a mimicry of a popular piece, a burlesque.
part the numbers, separate the people, p. 127.
Patagonia (păt a gō'ni ă), the southern portion of South America.
patriarch (pā'trĭ ärk), a dignitary of the church, p. 232.
peasant saint, a saint who came from the common people, like St. Peter or Joan of Arc.
peer, one of the same rank, an equal.
penance, a means of obtaining forgiveness of sins by performing certain religious duties.
pennon, a flag or streamer.
Perdita (pĕr'dĭ ta), the joyous heroine of *The Winter's Tale*.
perpetuate, to make anything last endlessly.
perverse (pēr vĕrs'), turned away from the right.
petrel (pĕt'rĕl), a small black and white sea bird.
phenomenon (fē nŏm'ē nŏn), an extraordinary appearance.
philanthropic (fĭ lăn thrŏp' ĭk), ready to do good to all men.
philosophize (fĭ lŏs' ō fīz), to try to account for things reasonably.
phiz (fĭz), face, physiognomy.
pinnacle, a small spire.
pitch, high ideal, p. 125.
plaintive numbers, verses expressive of subdued regret or melancholy.
poll (pōl), the head.
pomp (pŏmp), display of magnificence.
portentous (pōr tĕn'tŭs), foreshadowing ill.
portico, a covered space at the entrance of a building.
post of the foe, the place where Death waits, p. 268.
precincts (prē'sĭnkts), confines, boundaries.
predicament (prē dĭk'a mĕnt), unfortunate situation.
predominate (prē dŏm'i nāt), to be superior to others in numbers or strength.

preferring their claim, bringing forward their claim for consideration, p. 181.
premonitory (prē mŏn'ĭ tō rў), giving previous warning.
presumptuous (prē zŭmp'tū ŭs), taking undue liberties.
prevalent (prĕv'a lent), generally received.
primeval (prī mē'val), belonging to the first ages of the world.
prodigies (prŏd'ĭ jĭz), wonderful feats, miracles.
profane (prō fān'), to treat violently something sacred.
professions, public declarations.
profound, deep.
profuse (prō fūs'), lavish, bountiful.
progenitors (prō jĕn'i tərz), ancestors in the direct line of relationship.
prophecy (prŏf'ē sў), the foretelling of an occurrence.
purge, to clear out.
purporting (pûr'port ing), seeming to mean.

rampart, earth embankment for defense.
random gun, a gun fired without definite aim, chance shots.
rapture (răp'tūr), bliss, ecstasy.
ravage (n.) (răv'ăj), desolation, havoc.
reck, to care.
recompense (rĕk'ŏm pens), to give in return.
recumbent (rē cŭm'bent), lying down.
redress (rē drĕss'), deliverance from wrong.
redresser, deliverer, one who sets right a wrong.
redundant (rē dŭn'dant), using too many words or figures of speech.
relapse, to fall back into.
relaxation (re lăx a'shun), relief from strain.
requisite (rĕ'kwĭ zĭt), necessary.
retinue (rĕt'ĭ nū), train of attendants.
retributory cudgel (re trĭb' ū tō ry), the stick that punishes.
river-of-Paradise, the pure river said to have flowed through the Garden of Eden.
Roland (rō'land).
romantic, wildly picturesque.
rude, brutal, barbarous, p. 128.
rueful (rōō'ful), regretful.
rum puncheon, a rum cask, slang for drunkard.

sallows, willows.
sanctions his flame, gives reason for his enthusiasm, p. 126.
sap (v.), to weaken.
sapphire (săf'ĭr), a precious stone of transparent deep blue.
Saracen (săr'a sĕn), a Mohammedan hostile to the Crusaders.
satiety (sa tī'ē tў), overfulness so that it is impossible to enjoy more.
scallops, curving edges.
scaur (skôr), a steep bank.
scope (skōp), broad outlook or free course.
scullery, a place for dishwashing.
scut (skŭt), a short tail.
sea-stocks, gilly flowers that grow by the sea.
sensibility, sensitive feelings, delicacy.
sensible, aware of.
sentiment, higher feeling, emotion.
sequestered (sē kwĕs'tĕrd), withdrawn, secluded.
shivers (shĭv'erz), splinters.
sidle (sī'd'l), to move sidewise.
simultaneous (sī mŭl ta'nē ŭs), happening at the same time.
sire (sīr), father.
snuggery, a cozy place in a house.
solicitude (sō lĭs'ĭ tūd), affectionate anxiety.
sonorous (sō nō'rŭs), giving a clear or loud sound.
soundings, measurements of depth of water.
sovereign (sŏv'ĕr ĭn), a king, a monarch.
spasmodic (spăz mŏd'ĭk), with violent effort, coming in spasms.
spent, used up, p. 242.
spindle, the rod in spinning wheels by which the thread is twisted.
spit, a slender rod for holding roasting meat.

springal, upstart.
sprite (sprīt), fairy.
squatter, one who settles on public land.
state, condition, state of feeling, p. 242.
steep, to soak, to saturate.
stimulant, that which excites, liquor.
stirrup leather, stirrup strap.
storied urn, a vase in which the ashes of a famous person are preserved, suggesting many a story.
stupendous (stū pen'dus), astonishingly large.
sullen earth, earth still in darkness, p. 242.
sullen trade, the spiders' stealthy business of catching flies, p. 336.
superciliously (sū per sĭl' ĭ us lў), haughtily.
superficial (sū pẽr fish' al), on the surface, not deep.
surety (shoor'tў), state of being sure, security against loss.
surge, a large wave.
swarthy (swôrth'y), dark.
swath (swôth), a line of grain cut and thrown together by a scythe.
swineherd, one who tends swine.
swirl, an eddy or whirl, as of snow.
sylvan (sĭl'van), forestlike.

tabernacle (tăb'ẽr na kl), a tent originally.
tapestry (tăp'ẽs try), woven hangings.
tarpaulin (tär pô'lĭn), canvas covered with tar.
tegument (tĕg'ū ment), the skin.
tender grace of a day that is dead, the charm of a day remembered for its tender associations, p. 253.
tenets (tĕn'ĕts), opinions.
tenor, course, career, p. 350.
terrestrial (te rĕs'trĭ al), belonging to the earth.
testimonials, statements in favor of something.
thatch-eaves, overhanging edges of a straw-covered roof.
thatched, roofed with straw.
theme (thēm), the subject on which one writes or speaks.
thrall (thrôl), slave.
Tierra del Fuego (tē er'rä del fwä'gō), an archipelago south of the southern end of South America.
Titan (tī'tan), a gigantic being of Greek mythology supposed to represent some force of nature.
topping, surpassing, better than any other.
Trafalgar (trăf al gär'), a cape on the south coast of Spain off which the greatest British naval victory of the Napoleonic wars was fought.
tranquilly, peacefully.
transgression, an offense, a fault.
translucent (trăns lū'sent), allowing light to pass through, but not fully transparent.
travail (trăv'āl), severe toil.
triangle, a musical instrument of steel bent like a triangle and struck with a steel rod.
trophies (trō'fĭz), monuments erected in token of honor or victory.
trow (trō), to believe.
trysting day (trĭst'ing), a day arranged for meeting.
turquoise enamel (tẽr koiz'), a glasslike coating of opaque greenish-blue.

unbeholden, unseen.
unbodied joy, a spiritual joy not yet confined to bodily form.
uncouth (ŭn kōōth'), awkward, crude.
unfathomable, not able to be explained or got to the bottom of.
unknelled (ŭn nĕld'), with no funeral bell tolled.
unlettered muse, the uneducated poet who wrote rude rhymes on the tombstones, p. 350.
unpremeditated (ŭn prē mĕd'ĭ tāt ed), not previously planned, spontaneous.
upbraid, to blame, to chide.
usurp (ū sûrp'), to take and hold in possession wrongfully.

vague (vāg), indefinite, unsettled.
valiant (văl'yant), brave, heroic.
vanguard, the troops who march in front.

variegated (vā'rĭ e gā tĕd), of different colors.
vault (vôlt), a high arched ceiling.
venerable, worthy of deep respect.
veneration, respect mingled with awe.
verdant (vĕr'dant), green and fresh.
verdure (vĕr'dūr), freshness of vegetation.
vesture, a garment, dress.
veteran, one long practiced, as in war.
vigil (vĭj'il), keeping awake or on watch, usually for religious purposes.
vile repose, a hateful inactivity, enforced quiet, p. 322.
vista (vĭs'ta), a distant view between intervening objects, as trees.

wain, wagon.
wan burghers (wŏn bĕrg'ĕrz), pale inhabitants of the town, p. 106.
wanton (wŏn'tŭn), to sport unrestrained.
ward, a watch, p. 59.
warder, a guard.
warrior (wôr'yĕr), a man experienced in military life.
water-spout, a kind of whirlwind usually over the sea, that raises the water to a height.
wax (v.), to grow.
weal (wēl), welfare, prosperity.
ween, think.
wether (wĕth'ĕr), a ram.
wink, to overlook, to ignore, p. 372.
winnowing wind, the wind that blows the chaff from the wheat.
wis, think, know.

yclad, clothed.
younkers (yŭng'kerz), youngsters, young boys.

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